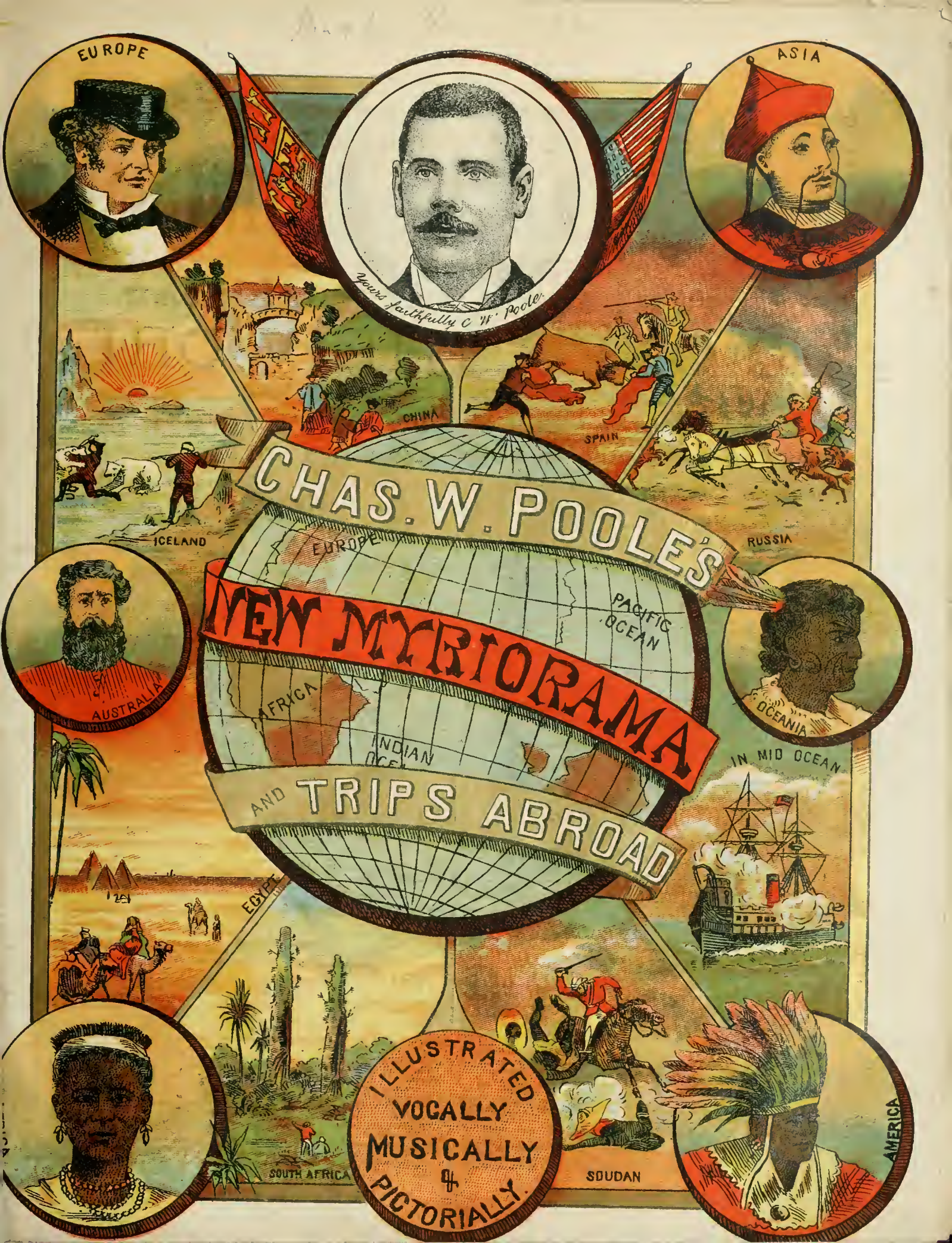

EUROPE
ASIA
Yours faithfully C. W. Poole.
CHINA
SPAIN
ICELAND
RUSSIA
CHAS. W. POOLE'S
NEW MYRIORAMA
AND TRIPS ABROAD
EUROPE
PACIFIC OCEAN
AFRICA
INDIAN OCEAN
AUSTRALIA
OCEANIA
IN MID OCEAN
EGYPT
SOUTH AFRICA
SOUDAN
AMERICA
ILLUSTRATED
VOCALLY
MUSICALLY
&
PICTORIALLY.

GUIDE BOOK AND SONGS, PRICE TWOPENCE.

CHARLES W. POOLE'S

NEW ECLIPSE MYRIORAMA

OF SCENIC SURPRISES.

PICTURESQUE TRIPS ABROAD

ALL OVER THE WORLD

IN SUNSHINE, STORM, PEACE, AND WAR.

Also Visiting Scenes and Illustrating Events made memorable during the past few years.

EVERYTHING OF IMPORTANCE ALWAYS ADDED TO DATE.

READ THE EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LENGTHY OPINIONS BY THE LONDON PRESS, 1889.

The **TIMES**, Sept. 14th, 1889. says—POOLE'S MYRIORAMA.—To those who cannot afford to visit the principal cities and sights of the world, and to those who have visited them alike, Poole's Myriorama affords an agreeable and instructive way of spending an evening While the former have an opportunity of obtaining a general idea of their character the latter also may recall many of the incidents of their actual trip. In addition to capital music contributed by an efficient band, a variety entertainment is provided, clever, pleasing, funny, graceful, and smart.

The **DAILY TELEGRAPH**, Aug. 22nd, says—To those who wish to see the world without either the expense or the fatigue of travel, Poole's Myriorama, at Sanger's Amphitheatre, will come as a boon and a blessing. The spectator is regaled with a spectacular display of all the most notable and representative scenes in the world. The sights of London and the United Kingdom, the Mersey, preparatory to crossing the ocean in the Atlantic Liner, here introducing a fine series of dioramic effects; sunset, moonlight, and sunrise. Niagara is brought home in a series of highly elaborate tableaux; the land of the Eskimo, Africa, the domain of the Maori; China, India, Egypt, and the Soudan, and back through Europe to the capital. A capital Variety Entertainment fills up the intervals of the show, which well repays a visit.

The **STANDARD**, Aug. 19th, says—Poole's New Myriorama. This Exhibition is one of six, of which two are in London. They all partake of the same characteristics, admirably painted scenes by well-known artists, with mechanical and dioramic effects, the latest devices of science being applied most ingeniously to develope changes in the moving scenes. The whole entertainment is admirable, and great crowds right y indicate by their presence the attraction which the new style of panorama has for the multitude.

The **DAILY CHRONICLE**, August 5th, says—Messrs. POOLE are thoroughly masters of their business, and appear to be quick to comply with public requirements in embodying into their scheme events of the day that partake of a National Character. For the success of Trips Abroad it is easy to account.

The **DAILY NEWS**, August 5th, says—The spectacle is well worth a visit, and must be seen to be believed in.

The **MORNING ADVERTISER**, September 2nd, says—Poole's latest myriorama is a great improvement upon anything previously attempted, even by this successful public caterer, and the Trips Abroad gives evidence of the wonderful perfection to which this highly interesting and educational form of public recreation has been brought Many home scenes of thrilling interest are graphically presented, and are immensely engrossing and highly popular. The March Past is wonderfully manipulated. While sitting passive as it were, all the world is made to pass before you. Many of the scenes are of great artistic merit, costing much labour and money. In mid-ocean great vessels are made to pass and cross each other, the restless ocean is presented in incessant and truly natural motion. Altogether it will be found that the entertainment combines with very much that is elevating and instructive to the mind a great deal that is amusing, musical, and sensational.

The **MORNING POST**, Sept 13th, says—POOLE'S WELL-KNOWN MYRIORAMAS.—The general idea is that of a "Trip Round the World," but this by no means exhausts the long series of pictures, for a great many places are visited which could only be reached by special routes. It is not too much to say that all the ordinary canvasses possess special merit, but this is immensely enhanced by the numerous beautiful dioramic effects which are likewise introduced, bringing into full play some fine electric and mechanical effects. The guide is not only amusing but instructive as well, and at intervals well known artistes appear, and judging by the manner the whole entertainment was received, it was clear the audience appreciated the efforts made to amuse them

The **NEW YORK HERALD**, August 25th, says—A capital show, interesting and instructive. In addition to the really fine pictures of parts of the world, there are Variety entertainments and music in plenty. With Poole's show, a trip round the world can be indulged in without *mal-de-mer* or misery of any kind.

The **GLOBE**, August 29th, says—By means of ingenious mechanical dioramic effects the spectator is taken, in company with a humorous and entertaining guide, a complete tour of the world. Some of the scenes are really remarkable, and are witnessed by large and appreciative audiences.

The **PALL MALL GAZETTE**, Aug. 31st, says—Who is Poole? "The tailor," many people would say. Such is fame. But there is another Poole who is also famous, namely, Poole the Panoramist, the Stereoramist, the Dioramist, and all the other ramists. Poole and his brothers have been running panoramas for fifty years; they have at this moment no less than six great panoramas "on the road," as it is called. Two of these fascinating shows are now in London

The **CITY PRESS**, Aug. 24th, says—Poole's Myriorama receives much attention. This is only as it should be, judging from the splendid spectacular display of the most notable and representative scenes in the world. A very attractive entertainment is provided and popular prices charged for admission.

The **STAR**, says—Besides the many effects produced, there are some magnificent scenes from every land

The **EVENING NEWS**, August 19th, says—Round the world for sixpence. When Jules Verne went round the world in eighty days, he was thought to have cut it fine, but Mr. Poole makes the whole world pass before you in some three hours. It would be difficult to imagine anything more realistic than the Myriorama, painted by the most eminent artists, and will bear close examination, several scenes worth going to see were they exhibited alone. The Myriorama is the best of the kind to be seen anywhere. The clever variety entertainment worth the money alone

The **ECHO**, Sept. 13th, says—Poole's collection of clever artistic paintings is worthy of a visit Many of the pictures are admirable works of art, while the mechanical effects are novel and striking. Altogether the entertainment is excellent.

The **ERA**, Sept. 14th, says—The wonderful popularity of Poole's Myriorama has been vividly demonstrated by overflowing audiences, who have been warm in their approbation of the beautiful pictures exhibited to their delighted gaze. The variety entertainment is liberally supplied. Altogether Poole's Myriorama is an artistic, beautiful, and varied entertainment, which combines amusement with instruction, and which, while it delights the eye, improves the artistic faculty, informs the mind, and in some sort places the untravelled on a level with the travelled citizen It can hardly fail to thoroughly satisfy and please all who visit it.

The **WEEKLY TIMES** says—The paintings are high-class pictures. Several of them are really works of art, equal in every respect to many which the public willingly pays its shillings to see, and must be seen to be appreciated The March Past of the troops alone is worth the price of admission. Altogether the programme is a most lavish one, and the Show affords one of the best blends of amusement and instruction to be found open anywhere

The **ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS**, Aug. 17th, says—There are many thousands who have not the opportunity of seeing foreign scenery, and who are compelled to stay in London all the year round. For such we can strongly recommend a visit to Poole's Myriorama, which gives the spectator charming glimpses of picturesque scenes. There are beautiful views of the Colonies, nor are home scenes neglected, and these are contrasted with Eastern subjects; and in order to give variety to the entertainment some clever performers are seen in songs, dances, and comic sketches, and the guide gives descriptive and humorous comments on the various scenes, well worthy of a visit, being admirably arranged and possessing great artistic merit.

SOUTH LONDON PRESS, Aug. 17th, says—To witness the exhibition is something like liberal education, and we shall be very much surprised if Mr. Poole does not reap a rich harvest from his season at historic Astley's.

ENGLAND, Aug. 24th, says—Nightly meeting with great success. This magnificent colossal exhibition will be found one of the best and most interesting entertainments in London.

LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS, Aug. 25th, says—Foreign travel without trouble. Poole's New Myriorama embraces large and brilliantly painted pictures from original sketches and photographs of some of the most famous places in the world, alike interesting to historians, travellers, and students, interspersed with excellent orchestral music and variety entertainment.

THE PEOPLE, Aug. 25th, says—Upwards of 100 large bright and very effective pictures, of the most notable scenes in all parts of the world, with effects of a new and striking character.

THE SUN says—Undoubtedly the best of its kind in the world.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, Aug. 31st, says—I can honestly commend to your notice Poole's new "Round the World" Myriorama. The majority of the scenes are so interesting that I wonder Poole's Panorama has not an abiding home in London. The variety entertainment is of itself worth the price of admission.

NEWS OF THE WORLD, Sept. 1st, says—Poole's Myrioramas should be drawing large audiences. Some of the moonlight and storm illusions are the best we have ever witnessed. The pictures are remarkably good, both as life-like realisations of the spots they are intended to portray and as examples of the skill attained in the present age in the panoramic art.

The **SUNDAY TIMES**, Sept. 1st, says—People who have neither the means nor the leisure to visit the most famous, picturesque, and lovely spots in the universe, have them here presented to their view by means of scenes painted by artists of ability, and by mechanical and dioramic effects in a manner which is truly realistic. And the trip, which includes excursions to the most interesting scenes in every clime, is made pleasant by a number of excellent entertainers. Altogether the entertainment is worthy of the crowds it nightly draws

The **DISPATCH**, September 1st, says—Who would wish to go abroad when he can see faithfully reproduced on canvas all the wonderful sights of the world without travelling; and under Mr. Poole's guidance we are enabled to see the glorious East without smelling it, and to march across the parched desert without discomfort, and even with considerable profit. Some of the views are very fine, and the show is decidedly instructive. To the youngsters the trip is amazingly popular.

JUST ADDED, for the present Tour, a Magnificent Series of Tableaux, reallsing **STANLEY**

IN DARKEST AFRICA,

HIS PLUCKY MARCH FOR THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA.

160 DAYS IN A DENSE FOREST,

THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE,

THE MEETING OF STANLEY & EMIN,

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON,

THE SLAVE TRADE, &c., &c.

Also a Grand Series graphically illustrating

NIAGARA

AT ALL SEASONS AND UNDER ALL ASPECTS!

These Stupendous Falls and Surrounding Country in **Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter**; by Daylight, Twilight, Sunset, Night, Moonlight, and the Great Fall changing from Mid-winter to the Rapids in Summer, executed at great cost by those eminent London Artists, Messrs. HALL & GLENDENNING. This Series for seeing Niagara at All Seasons, and general Effects, totally supersedes the Cycloramas of Niagara lately so successful in London and Paris.

THIS MYRIORAMA INCLUDES SOME MOST BEAUTIFUL

Panoramic, Dioramic, Panstereoramic, and Mechanical Effects,

THE GREATER PORTION INVENTED BY MESSRS. POOLE.

UPWARDS OF 100 PICTORIAL GEMS,

ON THE LARGEST POSSIBLE PROJECTION OF CANVAS FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION.

The Entertainment is accompanied by an accomplished and genial Guide, who is a fluent speaker and an experienced traveller.

Also by CHAS. W. POOLE'S

ACME CONCERT COMBINATION OF TALENTED ARTISTES

ALL SELECTED FOR INDIVIDUAL MERIT.

APPROPRIATE AND NATIONAL MUSIC BY THE BAND!

Introducing many beautiful Eastern Melodies. The whole being calculated to instruct, gratify, and amuse.

MESSRS. POOLE BROTHERS

(Successors to POOLE & YOUNG and M. GOMPERTZ, Established 1837),

ARE the largest Panorama and Diorama Proprietors in the World, and have in their various studios Exhibitions of almost every subject. They have at the present time six of these Entertainments before the public, four of which were exhibited in various parts of London at one and the same time during the summer of 1884, and two in 1889, vide Press Notices opposite. The unanimous opinions of the Press and Public placed these productions in the very foremost rank for artistic merit, variety of subjects, marvellous mechanical effects and finished detail. No two of these Myrioramas are alike in any particular, and as they will visit the various cities and towns in consecutive order, the public can always rely upon seeing a new entertainment with everything of importance added to date of exhibition.

Mr. POOLE, in submitting the present exhibition to his patrons, refers with pride to Messrs. POOLE'S productions during the last half-century—viz., TELBIN AND GRIEVE'S "Overland Mail," "Upper India," "The Punjaub War," "The Indian Mutiny;" ALBERT SMITH'S Panoramas, "China and Japan," "The Arctic Regions," "Crimean War," "American War," "Garibaldi's Campaign," "The Holy Land," "The Rhine;" the great Illusory Entertainments, the "Phantoscope and Ætherscope;" "The Franco-German War," "The New Overland Route to India," "The Thames to the Neva," "The Nile and Livingstone's Explorations," "The Russo-Turkish War," "Zulu War," "Afghan War," Transvaal War," and other gigantic works, painted by the first artists of the age; and begs to assure his patrons that this, his latest undertaking, for breadth of drawing, depth of colouring, wonderful mechanical effects, and high finish, surpasses all previous efforts.

THE DRAWINGS ARE FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Artists engaged on this gigantic work, including the names of ESTELOS, TELBIN, NELL, ROBERTS, WERE, CALCOTT, O'CONNOR, PHILLIPS, FENTON, HALL, GORDON, HARFORD, LEITCH, DUDGEON, GRIEVE, BEVERLY, ABSALOM, T. WHYETT GREY, W. SCONCE, ARTHUR ROGERS, M. GOMPERTZ, A. GLENDENNING, and J. J. MARKWELL DAVIS, sufficiently guarantee the high-class character of these Paintings, upon which they do not fear to risk their reputation.

The Pictures are absolutely fac-similes of the places and events they represent. The drawings and photos are from the very best sources; as works of art they have never been equalled in any similar exhibition. The series of paintings have taken several years in completion, and cost over **£10,000.**

OPEN EVERY EVENING. DAY PERFORMANCES AS ANNOUNCED IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

Originator, Proprietor, and Manager of this Exhibition . . . . . Mr. CHAS. W. POOLE

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of LONDON,

Taken from a Balloon.

London is not only the wealthiest and largest city in the world, but the greatest known to history. It covers an area of nearly 200 square miles, and numbers within its boundaries over 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 1,000,000 foreigners from every region of the globe. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors. Twenty-eight miles of streets are opened and 9,000 houses are built yearly. On the police registers are the names of 120,000 habitual criminals, increasing by many thousands every year. More than one-third of all the crime of the kingdom is committed in London, or is brought to light there. There are as many beershops and gin-palaces as would, if their fronts were placed side by side, reach from Westminster to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles. The shops open on Sunday would form streets sixty miles long.

We commence our tour with a view of

The STRAND, TEMPLE BAR, and FLEET STREET

As it existed a number of years ago. By a sudden dioramic effect this is instantly changed, and we behold

The STRAND and FLEET STREET of TO-DAY.

The noble pile of buildings, which has here sprung up, is known as the "New Law Courts," or Royal Palace of Justice. It was opened by Her Majesty as a worthy home for the administration of justice of this vast empire. In the foreground is seen the Lord Mayor's Procession. This old custom occurs yearly on November 9th, and is usually witnessed by crowds along the line of route. The Military, Navy, Volunteers, and the various trading companies usually take part in the procession, and these are sometimes supplemented by elephants, camels, &c. To the right can be seen the monument, commonly known as the "Griffin," which marks the spot where Temple Bar once stood.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL and the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

We here have a capital moonlight view of the Houses of Parliament, the River Thames, Westminster Bridge, and St. Thomas's Hospital.

The Houses of Parliament, as a Gothic Structure of the lighter order, certainly are not excelled in Europe. The massive Victoria Tower stands at the extreme end furthest from the bridge; the Clock Tower stands next to the bridge. The clock itself is an enormous piece of horological mechanism, the dial being 30 feet in diameter, the minute-hand 13 feet long, the hour-hand 6 feet, and the figures measuring 4 feet; the clock strikes the hours, and chimes the quarters; the striking bell is named "Big Ben." Close to the Westminster Palace is the fine old Gothic Abbey, with its two towers and deep historical associations; off to the left is Victoria Street, a handsome thoroughfare, occupying a site formerly covered with some of the lowest and most repulsive dens in the metropolis; facing the bridge is the road to Buckingham Palace, and the gates of St. James's Park; to the right, the Horse Guards, Admiralty, Whitehall, the Treasury, Chapel Royal, Palace Yard, and other buildings of minor importance; to the left of the river, opposite Parliament House, is St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth Palace, and the Albert Embankment.

We now leave the great city and next visit Ireland.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

The three lakes, the Upper, the Middle Lake, between the Torc Mountain and the Muckross peninsula, and the Lower Lake, which is by far the largest, discharging their combined waters by the River Laune, lie in the heart of a region of picturesque scenery hardly surpassed by any in the British Islands. The banks of Muckross and of the Lower Lake, as far as Killarney House, are beautifully wooded, and with the Torc and Mangerton on one side, and the Toomies and Purple Mountain on the other, divided from the Macgillicuddy Reeks by the Gap of Dunloe, there is a background of grand features in the landscape from many favourite points of view. The Upper Lake, which has an approach to sublimity of character, is connected with the Muckross Torc, or Middle Lake, by a winding channel that spreads at the "Loug Range" to ample width, and here is a lofty rocky cliff, the "Eagle's Nest," frequently enlivened by music prepared for the pleasure of tourist parties. Descending by the "Canal" below, they pass the "Meeting of the Waters," at the west end of the Middle Lake. The Torc mountain, 1,764 ft. high, towers above the southern shore of the Middle Lake, and the mountain stream forms a cascade in the woodland recesses at its eastern end. The Lower Lake, eight miles long, including Castlelough Bay, and four or five wide, contains several islands of some historic interest and of exquisite beauty. That of Innisfallen has been pronounced one of the loveliest places in Europe; and the larger Ross island, with the ancient Castle of the O'Donoghues, the last stronghold that held out in Munster against the army of the English Commonwealth in the Civil Wars, is a commanding feature of the principal view. Killarney House, belonging to Lord Kenmare, is conveniently situated near the little town of Killarney, and Glenna Cottage is an appurtenance of this demesne on the other side of the Lake. Muckross, with its noble Abbey ruins, stately cloisters amidst a grove of venerable ash-trees, possesses much interest,

> Where tried arch and pillar lone
> Plead haughtily for glories gone.

The sentimental and imaginative loiterer amid these fascinating scenes at Innisfallen or Muckross may dream to his heart's content. There is a gigantic yew-tree at Muckross, which actually helps to hold up the crumbling wall, and which could tell stories of many past ages if it were able to speak. The church of Clogherean, near this place, is reputed the oldest in Ireland, but this may be doubted. Altogether, the Killarney region is a paradise for romantic minds. Sir Walter Scott was delighted with it, when he visited it in company with the clever, but not equally poetical, Maria Edgworth. Our view illustrates two of the most notable features. On the left is the rocky cliff mentioned above, the "Eagle's Nest," a conical mountain, justly celebrated for its echo; its height is 1,100 ft.; its base is covered with evergreens, but higher up the naked summit forms a tremendous precipice in the crevices of which the eagle builds her nest. Here the tourist anxious to evoke the famous echo, calls upon the bugler who from his station emits a rapid succession of notes, and hill, glen, and rock instantly take up the strain and pour forth a rich flood of harmony,

> Beautiful but sadly sweet,
> As when the harp-strings and soft winds meet
> And breathe a low unmeasured tone
> To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

And to the right, a peculiar formation of rock, somewhat resembling the outline of a horse, and called "O'Donoghue's Horse," and here, the superstitious peasants will tell you, that at midnight, on the 1st of May, The O'Donoghue may be seen mounted upon it, surrounded by a group of fairies, in commemoration of some deed of glory in days gone by.

DUBLIN.

Sackville Street (also called O'Connell Street).

Dublin, the capital, is the finest city in Ireland, and has a population of over 300,000. It stands at the mouth of the river Liffey, spanning it with fine bridges and lining its banks with its streets and squares. The Castle is the residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Phœnix Park, Trinity College or Dublin University, where Oliver Goldsmith studied, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, of which Swift was Dean, and Glasnevin Cemetery form part of its attractions. Our view is taken from an eminence looking up O'Connell Street (a very fine broad thoroughfare), in the foreground is the new O'Connell Bridge, the Statue of Smith O'Brien, and the O'Connell Monument, and about half-way up O'Connell Street the Nelson Monument, the terminus of the tramcars, to the left the General Post Office, and at the top of O'Connell Street the Rotunda Hospital, and a fine suite of rooms known as the Rotunda Rooms and Gardens.

EDINBURGH.

No European capital is erected on a more beautiful site than is Edinburgh. Nature has done everything to render the neighbourhood enchanting, and a more magnificent situation for a noble city can scarcely be imagined. It is just far enough from the sea to escape the bare and bleak look which nearly always clings to seaside towns, and yet near enough to have the advantage of most exquisite distant glimpses of the ocean. It is sheltered from the east winds by the magnificent group of rocks comprising Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Crow Hill, Lion's Haunch, &c., and from the north-east by the Calton Hill; whereas Blackwell Hill on the south, with its fine outline, is sufficiently distant not to block out the sunlight, but near enough to suggest to the mind the beautiful series of hills of which it may be said to form the vanguard. From out of the plain, which is partly surrounded by these various hills and rocks, rises a long rocky platform gradually increasing in height from the east to west, its western extremity being formed by a huge precipitous rock like a great buttress. Old writers have likened this mass of hill and rock to a dragon lying in the plain, the great rock which is now crowned by the ancient castle forming the head, the long range covered with the lofty buildings of the Old Town the back, and the Canongate running down hill and disappearing in the valley at Holyrood Palace the tail.

Our view is taken from a point over St. George's Church. Charlotte Square is shown in the immediate foreground, and the view looks straight up George Street towards the Calton Hill.

Beyond the Calton Hill and Holyrood Palace the Firth of Forth is visible, with the Hills of Fife to the left and those of Haddington to the right. The peak of Bass Rock, more than twenty miles away, is seen in the extreme distance. Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags are seen rising boldly over the Old Town, and forming a background to its numerous spires and towers, and the distance is completed to the right by Blackwell Hill.

Having now received our Scotch and Irish fellow tourists we immediately proceed to

LIVERPOOL.—Castle St. during the Queen's Visit.

Pomp and splendour have generally been associated with Oriental and Continental nations, but this grand spectacular display shows that when occasion demands and the British public do make up their minds on matters of this kind they need not be afraid of comparison with other countries. The previous visit of Her Majesty to Liverpool was in 1851, and it was on Tuesday morning, May 11th, 1886, that Her Majesty again arrived here, and in the afternoon performed the opening ceremony of the Liverpool International Exhibition, which was the principal object of the Royal visit. During the ceremony the Queen conferred the honour of knighthood upon the then Mayor, now Sir David Radcliffe. On Wednesday Her Majesty was not favoured with "Queen's weather," but notwithstanding the rain Her Majesty set forth in procession in an open carriage through the city, receiving an address from the Corporation at the St. George's Hall, and afterwards viewing the various objects of exceptional interest on the River Mersey and at the Docks. Our view illustrates the Royal Procession passing along Castle street. In the foreground is the Royal carriage, whilst the lavish display of bunting and festooned floral decorations, with that noble edifice the Town Hall in the background, form a picture of which Liverpool has reason to be proud. This view was specially painted for our recent prolonged and successful season of twelve weeks at the St. James's Hall, Liverpool. We next find ourselves on the

RIVER MERSEY.

Embarking for America.—In the background we observe Liverpool. This city, next to London, is the most important shipping port in the United Kingdom. It owns nearly 2,500 sea-going vessels, and no less than 35 vessels enter the port daily. In 1700, Liverpool had a population of 7,000, now it has over half-a-million. The annual imports exceed £84,000,000, the exports over £107,000,000. The docks extend over five miles along the Mersey, and cover an area of 500 acres. We take berths on one of the floating palaces, plying between this country and America, and as we get out to sea we meet the well-known steamer "Egypt," making the homeward journey. Next we fall in with H.M.S. "Inflexible," the most powerful ironclad in our navy; her sides are three feet thick, and she carries four 81-ton guns. We also meet some China tea clippers and other craft, the whole forming the most artistic and realistic marine effect yet produced.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

We have arrived safely at New York, the largest and wealthiest city in the United States of America. This city occupies the larger portion of the Manhattan Island, and was founded by the Dutch in 1614. In 1664 it fell into the hands of the English. At that time its population was 2,000; now, including suburbs, it numbers 1½ millions. It has a very fine harbour; 20,000 vessels enter it annually. In the distance you observe the New Brooklyn Bridge. Our next picture will give you a better insight of this remarkable structure.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

This bridge, the largest and grandest in the world, was commenced in 1870, and finished in 1883. Its cost was 15 million dollars. It has three large spans; the land spans are 930 feet and 1,860 feet respectively, the river span being 1,595 feet 6 inches; total length of the bridge, 5,989 feet; width, 85 feet. It has five tracks, the two outside being used for vehicles, the centre, elevated, for foot passengers, and on either side of that again, tramcars run. The towers rise above high water mark 278 feet, the centre of the bridge is 135 feet clear, and at each side 119 feet. It is held up by four cables, and each cable is composed of 5,296 parallel galvanized oil-coated steel wires, wrapped to a solid cylinder 15¾ inches in diameter. It is calculated to carry 80,000 tons. To the right is Brooklyn City, situated on Long Island, divided from New York by the East River. The bridge is illuminated by 70 electric lights, and on the opening day a grand display of fireworks took place.

Pursuing our journey in a north-westerly direction we arrive at the stupendous

NIAGARA FALLS.

Niagara being now so popular we have just had painted by those celebrated artists, Messrs. HALL & GLENDENNING, a magnificent series of views illustrating the wondrous Niagara Falls and surroundings at all seasons of the year and under all aspects. We are now supposed to be in Canada, our first view represents the

QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK,

So called because it was opened free to the public for ever on Jubilee day, 1887. We shall presently have a view of Prospect Park or the New York State Park on the American side of the river, this was opened free to the public on July 15th, 1885. Now, although the Americans were ahead of the Canadians in opening their side free by two years, the honour of originating the scheme belongs to Lord Dufferin. The view before us shows this beautiful park in spring—here formerly stood Prospect House, a pleasant little hotel which was pulled down in 1887 to make room for the park improvements. The road seen to the right leads up to

The Suspension Bridge, which crosses the Niagara River

Just below the falls. The general appearance of the bridge is very similar to the Clifton Suspension Bridge, spanning the river Avon near Bristol, and as a further coincidence the house on the left is called Clifton House; near this point a ferry boat crosses the river. Before us now is a full view of the Niagara river below the falls. About three-quarters-of-a-mile further down, nearing the rapids, are two other bridges, a railway suspension bridge and a railway cantilever bridge, which owing to a bend in the river cannot be seen from this point. Here is the little steamer, "Maid of the Mist," which plys round about the falls as a pleasure steamer, her predecessor completed the most hazardous and dangerous trip ever accomplished successfully by a steamboat; we shall have a view of the scene of her exploit when we reach the rapids further down. To the right is seen Prospect Park of which the Americans are justly proud. Before these parks were opened free to the public visitors were charged half-a-dollar to view the falls. Now all these petty annoyances are removed and the best points of vantage are absolutely free for visitors. We shall here give you an idea of the appearance of this scene by sunset, and then witness a magnificent view of the

AMERICAN FALL and IRIS ISLAND

By moonlight in autumn. This fall is 1,000 feet wide, not half the width of the Canadian Fall, and is about 165 feet high. Luna Island divides the American fall into two separate cataracts and adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. To the right is Iris Island, or as it is more commonly called Goat Island, owing to an early settler having kept goats there; this is also a public park, about 62 acres in extent, and is covered with fine beech and other trees. Goat Island in the centre divides the Niagara river into two cataracts and is connected with the mainland by two bridges, one from Niagara Falls city to Bath Island, and another from Bath Island to Goat Island. Running down the cliffs of this Island can be seen the Biddle stair, where visitors may descend and pass under the falls to have a view of the Cave of the Winds, a cavity under the rock washed away by the splashing of the water. We shall next visit the

GREAT CANADIAN FALL IN MID-WINTER.

This fall is better known as the Horse-shoe Fall. The Niagara river connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, and is about 36 miles in length; about 22 miles below Buffalo City, its point of egress from the former of these lakes. The river shoots over a precipice of rocks about 160 feet high, and forms the famous Niagara Falls. This fall is about 2,600 feet wide, and the centre of the Horse-shoe divides Canada from the United States of America. The river is deepest about the centre and the volume of water at this part is supposed to be about 20 feet thick, and presents the appearance of a pure emerald green. It is almost impossible to imagine, unless actually viewed, the immensity of this fall. A volume of water 2,600 feet wide and in places 20 feet in bulk, dashing over a precipice 150 feet high, descending into the river below a boiling, seething, and hissing torrent, is most awe-inspiring, and it is seldom a traveller can view this without feeling how wonderful and fearful are the works of nature. It is estimated that 100,600,000 tons of water are precipitated over these cliffs every hour. The much vaunted ice scenery of Niagara is chiefly caused by the spray and mist freezing and forming ice-mounds, as seen at the foot of the fall, the ice bridges are formed by masses of ice floating from the lake and river above, shooting over the precipices and compacting themselves together similar to those seen in the foreground, so that at this point, where the river never freezes, you can sometimes cross on a solid bridge of ice 40 feet thick. Our first view of Niagara was from the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, we have now been completely round, and to the right is another portion of the park. In the distance can be seen the Prince of Wales's Tower, erected in 1860 for H.R.H. to view the falls.

After viewing the Falls the next thing is to see the Rapids, and now by the introduction of a marvellous dioramic effect, we shall instantly change the great Horse-shoe Fall in mid-winter to the

RAPIDS IN MIDSUMMER.

In 1883, on the memorable day on which our brave countryman, Captain Webb, lost his life in attempting to swim the rapids, he remarked, "it's a rum bit of water!" and so it is, "a hell of waters." Why the river is so terribly rough here and comparatively smooth near the falls is accounted for by the water descending to a very great depth, and forming an under current which rushes out at this spot, about a mile below the falls.

The first Steamer, "Maid of the Mist,' did not pay as a pleasure steamer when first launched near the falls, so that it was decided to hazard a trip through these rapids to Lewistown, for the purpose of selling her. This occurred in 1861, she accomplished the voyage successfully, but it is related how the pilot, Robinson, returning home looked at least twenty years older than when he set out on this trip a short while before. So terrific is the rush of water here that it rises eight feet higher in the centre than at the sides, and if you thrust a stick into the water two feet from the

edge it takes a strong grip to hold it straight, and unless it is a stout stick it will break directly. Many persons have lost their lives in trying to swim these rapids; a Boston policeman, however, named Kendall, by wearing a life-preserving suit, managed to get through but was washed ashore completely exhausted. Several other persons have passed through in specially constructed barrels.

Having now visited all the places of interest in this locality, we shall next visit

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

This scene gives you a beautiful view of the Arctic Sea during calm weather. In the middle distance we see a fleet of whale ships making their way through the ice. Polar bears and seals are here seen in considerable numbers; the sagacity of the bear is well known to whale hunters, and the vigilance of the seal, in its endeavours to escape from its fierce antagonists, is also remarkable. A seal lying on a large piece of ice was marked out by a bear for its prey; the seal, however, observed it, and at once plunged into the water, the bear immediately sprang after it, and in a moment reappeared with the seal in its mouth.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.—The GRAND CAÑON.

Having traversed the North Pacific and landed at San Francisco, we now visit the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone Park, in the United States of America. It is situated at the base of the Rocky Mountains, half way between the Mississippi and the Pacific. By an Act passed in 1872 by the United States Congress, this immense tract of country—65 by 55 miles—was set apart, and is to be preserved for ever as a National Park for public recreation and the study of its scientific phenomena. It is distant 2,300 miles from New York and 300 from the nearest railway station, but will soon be made accessible. It is a natural wonderland, a volcanic region of boiling springs and silicious incrustations, similar to those around Lake Taupo, in New Zealand, and far exceeding the more familiar examples in Iceland. The most remarkable of the boiling springs is that from the Upper Firehole Basin, called "Old Faithful," because of its regular action once in every 65 minutes. It throws out by successive impulses a column of water five feet in diameter to a height of 150 feet, and lasts twelve minutes. The silicious deposits are of marvellous beauty, and recent travellers tell us it is impossible to describe the appalling grandeur of the Grand Cañon.

In passing from North to South America overland, we must necessarily cross the Isthmus of Panama, and shall next have a view of the works in connection with

THE PANAMA CANAL.

We have now before us a view by John Markwell Davis, of the greatest engineering enterprise of modern times, the Panama Canal. Although not commenced till 1881, a canal joining the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean is no new idea, having been conceived by the early Spanish conquerors in the 16th century, and Prince Louis Napoleon, long before he became Emperor Napoleon III, was greatly interested in such a scheme. The brilliant success achieved by M. de Lesseps in cutting the Suez Canal undoubtedly gave this a practical start. This canal is to be 46 miles long, 29ft. 6in. deep, 131 feet wide at the top, and 72 feet wide at the bottom. The advantages to commerce with Australia and New Zealand will be very great, doing away with the tedious and perilous voyage round Cape Horn, and a great deal of traffic from China and Japan may be expected. The estimated cost of this canal was £34,000,000, up to now about £80,000,000 have been spent in connection with it, although nearly half that amount has been paid in interest on loans taken at large discount, and other costly ways of raising capital. In the left corner of our view is a map of the route across the isthmus. The blue line represents the canal, and the red line the railway which was purchased by the canal company. The most costly sections of the canal are through the part where the Chagres River will have to be diverted, and in so doing it will be necessary to build a dam a mile long, 205 feet above the level of the river, and 50 feet wide, protected by solid masonry, as by a flood in 1879 the railway was covered by 18 feet of water from Colon to Emperador. Then two large cuttings through high hills till we come to the greatest of all, the cutting through the Culebra Mountain, the subject of our view. This cutting must be nearly 390 feet deep for a length of a mile and a quarter, the quantity of earth to be moved in this one section alone being nearly 22,000,000 cubic yards. The various methods employed for removing this mass are plainly indicated. On the right is Count de Lesseps viewing the works. No less than 12,000 men have been employed on this canal, which is now stopped for want of more capital,

VALPARAISO.

Valparaiso (or the valley of Paradise) is a province of Chili, South America, and is bounded on the north by Aconcagua, S. & E. by Santiago, and W. by the Pacific Ocean. Our view represents the city of Valparaiso, the capital of the province. It is situated on a fine bay of the same name 70 miles N. of Santiago. The city rises from the shore to a chain of hills, which gives names to various suburbs. The old part along the shore is known as the Port; the most thickly populated trading part is the Almendral, and the finest residences of the wealthy merchants are in the suburbs—Alegre and Concepcion. In the newer parts the streets are wide and regular, and there are six plazzas, or squares. Among the chief buildings are the Government Palace, Custom House, Exchange, Post Office, and City Hall. The Franciscan Church is a fine Gothic building, and there are three Protestant Churches. The bay is defended by fifteen strong forts. This is the chief port of the South Pacific and the headquarters of foreign men-of-war. The commercial business is very extensive. Valparaiso was founded in 1544. It was taken by Drake and afterwards by Hawkins, sacked by a Dutch Corsair in 1,600, nearly destroyed by earthquakes in 1730 and 1822, and bombarded by a Spanish Squadron in 1866, and has lately been in jeopardy through the Civil war. On the night of April 12th the insurgent ironclad, the "Blanco Encalada," stole into this harbour with the intention of destroying an armed tug, and after blowing this tug out of the water the forts opened fire, and the "Encalada" quitted the harbour for Caldera Bay, where we shall next see her.

BLOW UP OF THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."

The "Blanco Encalada" joined the "Esmeralda" in an attack on Caldera (a new seaport of Chili, 50 miles west of Copiapo), which fell into the hands of the Insurgents. It was on the morning of April 23rd the third officer of the "Blanco Encalada" saw a light to seaward on the Ironclad's port, which proved to be a search light of a government torpedo boat. Half-an-hour afterwards the officers saw two small boats bearing down at full speed. The alarm was immediately given, and the crew and officers took up their positions to repel the attack. The "Condell" came bow on and fired a torpedo which missed its mark, but in conjunction with the "Almarante Lynch" made good use of the Hotchkiss Gun. The "Encalada" answered, but owing to her totally unprepared condition could not do much damage, eventually the "Lynch" fired another torpedo, the "Encalada" got her search lights on the approaching missile, but her gunners could not destroy it, and her steel torpedo net was not rigged. The torpedo struck the "Encalada" just abaft the foremast and a deafening explosion followed.

SINKING OF THE "ENCALADA."

The effect of the torpedo is now apparent, a huge hole yawned in the starboard side of the "Encalada" just below the water line, and the Ironclad quickly filled and went down in three minutes, amidst a shower of lead from the torpedo boats. Those whom they failed to destroy were devoured by sharks, for out of 200 men only 12 escaped.

RIO JANEIRO.

Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, South America, is one of the most charming spots on the earth. It is situated in a beautiful bay, which is capable of anchoring in safety the entire navies of the world at one and the same time. The first object on approaching the shore is the celebrated Sugarloaf Mountain, so called on account of its conical shape; it stands just at the entrance to the harbour, and can be seen, when at sea, for hours before any other portion of the land. It seems to have been placed there by nature to mark the entrance to one of the finest harbours in the world. Passing the Sugarloaf and entering the bay, you will observe facing you the Church of La Gloria, which stands out prominently on the side of the hill; above that is the Signalling Station, and in the foreground is the Custom House, which was formerly the Emperor's Palace. Next you see the Theatre and Music Hall, the Hospital, the Convent of San Bento, Brazilian Navy Yard and Coaling Island, and amongst the shipping in the harbour is the Brazilian ironclad, "Iudependencia." The climate of Rio is very hot, the sun's rays being nearly vertical, which accounts for all the ships being covered with awnings. Life is made endurable, however, for about ten o'clock in the morning a delicious cool sea breeze is experienced, which is greatly relished by the sailors in the harbour. This is followed by stifling heat till the afternoon land breeze sets in, bringing with it the delicious perfumes of the orange and spice groves.

Rio, like many *Oriental* cities, looks charming at a distance, but on going ashore the illusion is soon dispelled, the streets being narrow and dirty. In the autumn of 1889 a revolution broke out and Brazil is now a Republic and known as the United States of Brazil, larger in its area than the whole of Europe,

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

Having re-crossed the Atlantic we now visit the West Coast of Africa. Proceeding up the Congo River to the central regions we arrive at the scene of the explorations of that intrepid African traveller, Mr. H. M. Stanley. This gentleman, a born traveller, after a long and weary journey, succeeded in finding Dr. Livingstone in 1871. Mr. Stanley has done many things since then for the benefit of the world. In 1877 he crossed the Dark Continent from east to west. We now find him re-crossing from west to east for the relief of Emin Pasha. It was determined towards the end of 1886 that the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, commanded by Mr. Stanley, should be conveyed up the Congo to the Aruwimi, and should march along the banks of the latter river eastward of Lake Albert Nyanza a distance of less than 400 miles. It was thought that the party could proceed from Yambuya to Wadelai in thirty-five to forty days, which proved to be extremely fallacious, for it took no less than 160 days to traverse the enormous forest from which our view was taken. The expedition left Zanzibar February 24th, 1887; arrived at the Congo mouth March 18th; five steamboats then conveyed the expedition up to Boma. At Matadi the party had to march on land to Manyanga, thence to Stanley Pool by water, till at the end of April all the men and stores were collected at Kinshassa, thence by five steamboats to the Aruwimi in six weeks. It was in June, 1887, that Mr. Stanley led forth his advanced column of 389 officers and men into the unknown wilderness. Of the fate that befel the rear column, Tippoo Tib's failure to keep his engagements, ending in the assassination of Major Barttelot, Mr. Jameson's death from fever, Mr. Stanley knew nothing till his return through the forest. Speaking of this marvellous journey Mr. Stanley says—"We were for 160 days in one continuous unbroken compact forest, 240,000 square miles in extent. It took us 160 days before we could say, 'Thank God we are out of the forest at last.' Try and imagine some of its inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth —old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above; queer noises of birds and animals; crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs, with poisoned arrows, securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong brown bodied aborigines, with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences—fever and dysentry; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and from June 1st, 1888, to December, before I could say farewell to the Congo Forest." Eventually emerging from the forest (although the Zanzibaris believed they never would), Mr. Stanley's followers nearly went mad with delight, then settling down into a long swing left the rearguard and sick ones far behind. Our view shows a portion of the journey when the expedition is descending one of the tributaries of the Aruwimi and suddenly attacked by the treacherons and ugly dwarfs, known as the "Wambutti," who shoot with poisoned arrows.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

This scene illustratee in a very forcible manner that horrible traffic in human flesh—"The Slave Trade." Mr. Stanley in a letter to Sir Fancis de Winton, says:—"By September the expedition struck the famine Region, a Region so devastated by the raids of the slave owners in a manner so complete that where once existed populous villages not a single hut remains." The method adopted by the Arab slave raiders is to surround the villages for a two mile radius, hiding themselves in the long dry grass, which eventually they set fire to, also the huts of the natives, and by yelling and firing of guns so terrify the poor negroes that many of them are easily made captive. Any who show fight are mercilessly shot down, the remainder placed in chains and forked sticks, previously cut for the purpose, ready for the long and weary march. Infants who may be an encumbrance to their mothers, and old folks who are no use to sell as slaves, they dispose of by either battering or blowing out their brains. Dr. Livingstone stated "that for every slave taken alive five were left dead"; and when we take into consideration the very great number that lose their lives through the hardships (sometimes famine) they have to endure from the village to the slave market, we then get some faint idea of this accursed system, which England (standing almost alone amongst so called civilized nations) has spent millions of money and lost thousands of brave lives trying to stop. Is it not nearly time to put aside idle boasting, and all the great powers to join and do away once and for ever with this curse, which is so sad a blot upon humanity in this 19th century?

MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.

In October, 1869, Mr. Stanley was commissioned by James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, to find Dr. Livingstone, and in 1871, after having traversed over 2,000 miles, Stanley succeeded in reaching Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, which place he entered with firing of guns and the American flag at the head of his column. A large crowd of natives soon collected at these extraordinary proceedings, and at the head of them Stanley recognised a pale grey bearded white man, wearing a red woollen jacket and an old navy cap with gold braid upon it. Stanley, stepping forward with his hat raised, said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," and received the smiling answer "Yes," and then both these heroes retired to recount and listen to the wonderful adventures and circumstances that had taken place since March, 1866, when Livingstone passed from the gaze of the civilized world. This was Stanley's first African exploit. From 1873 to 1877 he explored the central African lakes and traversed Africa from east to west, tracing the mighty Congo from its source to its month. From 1879 to 1884 he founded the "Congo Free State," until, in 1887, he started for the relief of Emin Pasha in the Southern Soudan; and as we have witnessed his march through the forest and slave districts, we shall next be present at the

MEETING OF STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA.

When Stanley arrived at Lake Albert Nyanza, December 13th, 1887 he could find no tree to make a canoe, and as Wadelai, where Emin was governor, was a long way off, Stanley decided to return to Iburri and send for his boat. On April 22nd, 1888, the expedition again arrived at the lake, when a note was received from Emin, dated March 26th. On April 23rd Jephson left in the boat and arrived at Mswa on the 26th, and on the night of Sunday, April 29th, Stanley and Emin met by torchlight, as pourtrayed in the view before you. They stayed together for a month, then Stanley returned in search of his rear column, and Emin and Jephson proceeded to the various Egyptian stations to read the Khedive's instructions to the various officials, and collect together all who wished for Stanley's escort to the coast. When Stanley arrived a third time at the lake he heard that Emin and Jephson had been made prisoners by the rebel officers; but they managed to escape and rejoined Stanley. It was some months, however, before Emin could be induced to leave with Stanley; but finally, on April 10th, 1889, the expedition left Kavalli for the coast, passing on the way "The Mountains of the Moon," which we shall next visit.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

We have now before us a view of the latest addition to our knowledge of the wonders of Central Africa, viz., the range of mountains known to the ancients as "The Mountains of the Moon," and lately discovered by Mr. Stanley during his perilous expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. These mountains are mentioned by Scheabeddin, an Arab geographer of the 15th century, who says that the Nile takes its rise from those mountains a little south of the equator; which is now proved to be the fact, so far as the western branch of the Upper White Nile is concerned. Lt. Stairs, the only member of the expedition who ascended to a height of 10,677 feet says—"The scenery afforded by these mountains as one passes by their feet is most splendid: deep valleys of an intense darkness run up from the forest beneath. A distinguishing feature of the range is the clear and well-defined character of the hilltops, mostly of a conical shape with extremely steep slopes. The name given to the highest point is Ruwenzori, though by different tribes it goes by different names. The country at the foot of the range is most fertile." It has been remarked that it seems most remarkable that these mountains, nearly 18,000 feet high, with snow-capped peaks, were not visible to Sir Samuel Baker, who supposed the Albert Nyanza to extend hundreds of miles further south, but when we take into consideration that these mountains are situated between the Albert Nyanza and Albert Edward Nyanza, about eighty or ninety miles south of the former lake, it does not seem so very surprising after all. These mountains were seen by Mr. Stanley years ago, but never approached until the recent expedition. Now making our way southward we next get an exciting picture realising

A LION HUNT.

This superb picture has been specially painted to illustrate "Life on the Dark Continent." The beautiful tropical sky and foliage, of which we read so much in the works of Speke, Grant, Cameron, Livingstone, Stanley, and Johnston, is admirably depicted. The view represents a party of African hunters surprised by two lions and a lioness. Occurrences of this kind are very frequent in Central Africa; and, on a similar occasion, Dr. Livingstone was attacked, and would have lost his life but for his promptitude and expert use of the rifle. We shall now visit the Cape of Good Hope and witness a glorious sunrise at

CAPE TOWN.

The Cape of Good Hope is the most important point of South Africa. Cape Colony has of late attracted more than usual attention in the mother country, and its physical as well as social features have become better known than they ever were before. Our view of Cape Town may therefore be of interest to our readers. The view of the town and its vicinity from the bay anchorage is very striking. Behind rise the perpendicular sides of Table Mountain, while on either hand are the barren crags of the Lion's Head and the Devil's Peak, the former usually capped with a cloud. These lofty promontories form the extremity of the isolated mountain mass, of which Table Mount is the culminating point and Cape Agulhas the most southern point of Africa. The peculiar shape of the Table Mountain is characteristic of the geological formation of South Africa. The mountain ranges have a nucleus of granite, which sometimes comes to the surface and then forms a rounded and smooth summit. But much more frequently the granite is overlaid by enormous masses of sandstone, and then the summits assume a perfectly flat appearance. Cape Town is defended inland by a regular citadel, and towards the sea by Amsterdam Battery and some other works. The walks near the town are pretty and neatly kept, and afford pleasant drives. One of them, to the top of the hill, overlooking the town and bay, with a view of the sandy plains and distant mountains, the lighthouse on Green Point, and Robben Island in the distance, is peculiarly picturesque.

MADAGASCAR.

The city seen in the background is Antananarivo (or the city of a thousand hills), the capital of Madagascar, which has recently been brought into notice by the action of the French. It contains some fine buildings, and has a population of about 100,000, the majority of whom are Christians. In the middle distance is the Hova, or Summer Palace, and on the top of the hill the Winter Palace. On the right of our view are specimens of the bread fruit tree, which forms the chief support of the South Sea Islanders. You will observe the fruit is much larger than a man's head. It is palatable, although this large species tastes strongly of turpentine. To the left is the travellers' tree, or water plant, which resembles a large open fan. It rises to a height of 30 or 40 feet, and has about 20 leaves from 4 to 6 feet in length. By inserting a spear into the bark, you can, during the most arid season procure a good supply of pure, fresh water In Madagascar this might also be called the builders' tree, for many of the houses are thatched with the leaves, the stems form the partitions and sometimes the sides of the houses, and the bark is used for the floors. The leaves also when green serve the purpose of dishes, plates, spoons, and other domestic utensils. We shall now cross the Indian Ocean to Australia, and on the voyage we encounter

A CYCLONE,

Of which we shall now attempt to give a representation. Nothing can equal the grandeur of these terrible and often fatal tropical storms. The glare of the lightning is incessant, the roar of the thunder continuous. The wind howls like a legion of demons, and the rain crashes upon the deck with noise absolutely deafening; while the phosphorescent waves, lashed into fury, break into foam amid coruscations of light, or pour upon the decks like cataracts of liquid fire, and now by a combination of costly, ingenious, *mechanical, electrical, and dioramic machinery*, we shall give a representation of an emigrant ship struck by lightning, the appalling spectacle of a ship sinking in mid-ocean, and finally the ultimate rescue of the crew and passengers by a passing steamer.

MELBOURNE (Australia).

It was one hundred years ago that the great island, which Torres called "Terra Australis," and which Flinders afterwards shortened to "Australia," was taken possession of by Captain Cook for the British Crown. He cast anchor in Botany Bay, a few miles to the southward of Sydney Harbour. Previously to this, Dampier, Tasman, Carpenter, and others had examined the coasts. The history of the Australian Colonies begins with the landing of the first shipload of convicts at Botany Bay, in 1788, under the command of Captain Phillip.

The city of Melbourne, which was incorporated in 1842, stands on the north bank of the river Yarra, six or seven miles from the sea at Hobson's Bay. It is encircled by populous suburbs—some of them, indeed, are called cities—the number of inhabitants ranging from 5,000 to 26,000. The total population of Melbourne and the suburbs is estimated at 371,630. The city streets, which aggregate 100 miles in length, are straight, and run at right angles through the entire length and breadth of the town. The main thoroughfares are Collins street, Bourke street, Flinders street, Swanston street, and Elizabeth street, all with cable tramways. The most important public edifices are the Parliament Houses, the Treasury, the Law Courts, the University, the Public Library, the National Museum, the Town Hall, the Mint, and the two cathedrals, the latter not being completed. Some of the banks, insurance companies, and woolbrokers occupy magnificent buildings, bluestone and freestone being the material mostly used. The Governor's residence, on the south side of the Yarra, is a large mansion, occupying one of the most elevated sites. The Botanic Gardens, which have an area of 109 acres, are tastefully laid out. The water supply of Melbourne is obtained from the Yan Yean reservoir, in a valley among the Plenty Ranges, eighteen miles from the city.

Here is the new South Wharf and the Queen's Wharf, to the left the Victorian Railway Depôt, Flinders Street East and West. In the foreground the Brighton and Grippsland Railway Depôt, the Exhibition, the aristocratic part known as Fitzroy, the part called Hotham. The hills in the distance are known as Plenty Ranges and Mount Macedon respectively. The appearance of this city when lighted up at night is very picturesque, of which we now attempt to give you a realisation.

DUNEDIN (New Zealand).

To the South of Australia is New Zealand, which mainly consists of two islands, respectively named the North and South. The view before us represents Dunedin, the capital of the State of Otago, in the South Island. It has sprung up with surprising rapidity since New Zealand has become such a fine field for emigration. It contains some fine streets and buildings. Prince Street and George Street together measure 2¼ miles in length and 66 feet in width. It is a Scotch settlement, founded in 1848. Its name was to have been New Edinburgh, but at the request of Dr. William Chambers it was changed to Dunedin. To the right can be seen the Harbour, and to the left the North East Valley. Running round the town is a piece of land called the Town Belt, set aside for ever for public recreation. Thirteen years ago the population was only 15,000; it now numbers over 40,000.

We now proceed up the Pacific Ocean to the Celestial Empire.

SIMONESEKI (Japan).

Japan is generally known as the land of the rising sun, but as we are nothing unless original, we pay a visit during the rising of the moon. This magnificent view is by that eminent artist, John Markwell Davis, Esq. The former religion of the Japanese was Buddism or the worship of the sun, but that has now given way to Shuitóism as the state religion, which consists chiefly in the worship of deceased Mikados and their Ancestors. The Sun Goddess, whose image in the form of a circular mirror of polished metal, is the only object of worship on the altar of the Shuitó Temple. The picture represents the entrance to the Temple of Kami Hamayon, at Simoneseki, during one of the religious festivals, which are held periodically. On these occasions the buildings and grounds of the Temple are brilliantly illuminated by numbers of lanterns of every strange device, and crowds of people, gorgeously apparalled, come long distances, quite as much bent on pleasure as religion, to attend these festivals. The entrance to the Temple is through the great Torri, or gateway. In the foreground is seen a Japanese houseboat, some of which are beautifully fitted, and form pleasant summer residences. To the right is seen a very picturesque native barge.

NANKIN.

We now arrive at Nankin, or the court of the South, the capital of the province of Keang-han, and which was for ages one of the most splendid and magnificent cities to be met with in any part of the world; but its glory has long since departed. In the days of its prosperity, before the Tartar conquest, its population amounted to 3,000,000; at the present day it scarcely reaches 400,000 In the centre is one of those magnificent canals for which China is so eminently remarkable. In the foreground we have a little sentimental business taking place—a Chinese marriage procession. In all parts of the world people certainly like to make a little ceremony at a wedding; but in China they are not content with a little, in fact do not know how to make enough. All other preliminaries being arranged, it only remains to carry out the wedding procession from the house of the bride to that of the bridegroom's father. The portly gentleman leading the procession, and who is blowing an enormous squeaker, is the uncle of the bride; next are the bride's cousins, beating tom-toms; then the bride's brothers, carrying flags and devices, imitating bats, dragons, griffins, dolphins, and a nondescript kind of fish; next follows the bride in her sedan chair, surrounded by flags, banners, and lanterns. But the Chinese are sometimes guilty of a little deception here. The truth is, in many instances, this goodly paraphernalia is not the property of the newly-married pair, having merely been borrowed or hired to make a great show, and returned the day after the wedding.

At the left is the most celebrated of the Chinese Pagodas, so long known in Europe by the name of the Porcelain Tower of Nankin. When the tower and city are illuminated on public festivals they produce a very pleasing effect, as we here illustrate.

MONGOLIA.

From Pekin to St. Petersburg is 4,000 miles by the Siberian overland route; at this point of our journey we are supposed to be about 1,000 miles from Pekin. The picture before us illustrates a party of travellers crossing the river Tolla, near Urga, or Ourga. To the left are seen a number of

the "Bactrian" or double hump camels, these animals are very strong and tractable; to the right of them is a native household removal. The Mongols live chiefly in tents, enabling them to move from one place to another very easily and frequently, as they have not much furniture or baggage. In the foreground is a Thibetan cow with its native keeper and his boy. The man with the ghastly-drawn features and pallid countenance is a Chinese opium smoker—here we have a Kalmuck Tartar and girl; also an Arabian camel, they are used occasionally but do not thrive, as the climate in winter is too cold. Here we see a Mongol Llama or priest, in a native yellow coat, and next to him is a Kerguese lady with her hair dressed with "glue," a rather durable pomade. Lastly is seen a Kerguese Babishe or senior wife, although the women are frequently very pretty when young they are considered old at forty, when, as the men are polygamists, they take fresh wives very young, and their former wives are then compelled to adopt this costume. The mountains in the back-ground are part of the Altai range, which run through Northern Mongolia. We next pass through Thibet into Burmah.

MANDALAY.

Mandalay, the Royal city and capital of Upper Burmah, founded twenty-eight years ago, with a population of 100,000, situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, is 350 miles above our frontier, and 250 below Bahmo. The city and sheltered suburbs measure four miles square. The city is three miles from the banks of the river, and is entirely commanded by the hill, on the top of which is the pagoda. The City proper is within a broad moat, on which King Theebaw had two state barges, and there are five bridges across it. Next to the moat is a high brick loop-holed wall, one mile square, on which are forty-eight pagodas, and which is backed by an earth embankment to within six feet of the top. In the centre of the city is the palace, occupying a space of a quarter of a mile square, and surrounded by a high stockade and inner wall, with four entrances, and another inner stockade and wall. In the palace yard are the late king's tomb, the Mint, High Court, Tower, with bell and drum, and the celestial elephant. All the buildings, including the palace itself, but excluding the Mint, are gilded, and are of wood or bamboo. Outside the city are the Royal Monastery, the Royal Merit House, with the laws written on marble slabs, and the Yankeentoung Pagoda, to which the late King made a canal of five miles. He intended that it should surpass the celebrated Mengoon pagoda and bell, eight miles up the river. On the banks of the river the king had generally at anchor one ocean steamer, two gunboats, carrying eight guns each, and eight small steamers, all carrying the white flag and gold dragon; but there are no other defences. In Mandalay the roads are broad and level, and in wet weather almost impassable. The garrison consists of about 1,000 men, who wore a band of white muslin round their heads. The English Residency is very much as it was in October, 1879, when Messrs. St. Barbe and Phayre, with seven others, and a Sepoy guard of thirty, suddenly left for Thayetmo. Of course the buildings, including the church, and the school at which the late king was educated, under the Rev. Dr. Marks, have gone a good deal to ruin, although there was a Burmese guard. The alabaster font which our Queen presented lies in three pieces on the floor of the church. However, all will now be rectified. The ruby mines and jade-stone quarries are higher up the river. As you are all aware, the Anglo-Indian troops, after a few trifling difficulties at the outset, entered Mandalay without opposition, and on the 1st January, 1886, Burmah was annexed to our great Indian Empire.

PROCESSION OF STATE ELEPHANTS.

This magnificent picture, by Sebastian Estelos, Esq., represents a procession of Indian State Elephants awaiting the arrival of the Governor-General. In the foreground are a number of native Chiefs and Rajahs. The one on a white charger is a Sikh-General, one of the most picturesque of the various native soldiery. The houdah, or seat, on the back of the Governor's elephant is made of ivory and gold, from which descend rich scarlet trappings. The other houdahs are made of that very useful native product, the bamboo. Amongst the foliage on the right centre is seen a fine specimen of the plantain or banana, with its broken flower. To the right is a bullock dhooli extensively used in India. The Rajahs are frequently dressed in muslin, silk, and satin. The other figures in the picture are laden camels and the running attendants of the elephants.

THE HOOLI FESTIVAL.

This noisy and ridiculous celebration takes place during the month of March, and is held in honour of the god Krishna, who is recorded to have passed this season sporting with his innumerable female attendants. It is celebrated with unusual hilarity, or at least with universal noise and confusion. Social distinctions are levelled, and free license of tongue permitted. The rage of the natives for this festival is measureless, and apparently by time unabated. The dull monotonous tom-tom is heard incessantly day and night. This instrument is made of parchment over an earthenware jar. It is played upon by the fingers. To listen to it at a distance it has the effect of the sound of a never stopping machine. A gentleman writing of the tom-tom, says it is enough to drive a sane man mad, and a man who is inclined to insanity *raving* mad. The native princes and rich Hindoos celebrate all their festivals with extraordinary splendour, and upon these occasions it is customary for them to invite all their dependents. The guests sit in rows around the room opposite each other, the giver of the entertainment is elevated upon a sort of dais or throne; but they never think of inviting any ladies, but content themselves with hiring a number of nautch or dancing girls, to whom they frequently pay large sums. These girls are trained from infancy to their profession, and their actions express hope, love, jealousy, passion, &c., all of which can be understood by those ignorant of the language. In the estimation of the native princes the dancing of these nautch girls is considered most exquisite, though all Europeans pronounce it to be most inelegant and ungraceful.

LAHORE.

The capital of the Punjaub, contains a population of about 120, 000 Upon entering, its mosques give it a very imposing appearance, but the streets are very dirty and narrow, the houses lofty, the bazaars contracted and mean. It is surrounded by a brick wall, seven miles in circumference, with a large fort at the north-west angle. It is situated on the river Ravee, a tributary of the Indus, and in ancient times must have occupied a large extent of ground. Its greatest prosperity was under the Mogul Emperors of the 16th century. The Padishah Mosque was erected by Arungzebe. The Niger Kahn Imara Mosques and beautiful tomb of Jehanghir still bear witness to the zeal and magnificence of the Mahomedan ruler. At the breaking up of the Mogul Empire during the last century, the Punjaub was overrun by the Afghans. These soon gave way to the Sikhs, whose ambitious leader, inspired with martial enthusiasm and religious fanaticism, soon became one of the most powerful Indian princes. When the British Government was established in 1849, it effected divers great improvements, not only in the city but throughout the entire Punjaub. No province of India has derived more substantial benefit from an enlightened and just administration; and, as most of you are aware, the young Maharajah has resided a number of years in this country, being a large landed proprietor in the county of Norfolk.

CITY OF HERAT.

Herat cannot fail to be interesting at the present time, when fortifications have been recently erected under the direction of English officers to supplement those already in existence, with a view of strengthening the frontier of our vast Indian possessions. The value of Herat as a base and rallying point for military operations was first recognised by Alexander the Great of Macedonia, over 300 years before the birth of Christ; and since then its history has been such a long succession of sieges and massacres that one wonders how it has survived all these calamaties. In the 12th century it was razed to the ground, and in the 13th Genghis Khan took the town by storm after a siege of six months, and massacred the population, then numbering 1,600,000 souls. Afterwards it came into the possession of the dynasty of the Great Moguls of India, since when it has been the scene of a number of similar vicissitudes, the city, however, never being thoroughly destroyed. The plain or valley in which Herat stands is one beautiful extent of little fortified villages, gardens, vineyards, and cornfields, brightened by many small streams of shining water. It is amply irrigated by artificial canals, and the climate is on the whole healthy. The winters are cool, the snow lying for several days; but for two months in summer the heat is excessive. The town is of oblong form, encircled by an earthen mound (on which rises a lofty wall of unburned brick), and it is further surrounded by a broad wet ditch. There are five gates into the city. The bazaars and smaller streets are covered over, which makes them dark and inconceivably dirty. The strategical and commercial importance of Herat in central Asia is so well recognised that it has long been coveted by Russia, and recent events have compelled us to take measures in concert with our Afghan ally for the preservation of its independence as a security against aggressive designs of Russia on our Indian Empire.

ARABIAN DESERT.

This view will give you some idea of the lonely and wearisome toil of desert travelling. In the foreground is pourtrayed one of those touching incidents which frequently occur on these arid plains. A camel has fallen from exhaustion in carrying water from the different stations. The poor owner has prostrated himself upon the body—deaf to the consolation of his Arab friend, who has dismounted from his horse to condole with him.

PYRAMID AND SPHINX.

These are, and ever will be, the greatest and grandest remains of antiquity. They are the most stupendous masses of buildings in stone that human labour has ever been known to accomplish.

Still standing as firm as the rock that forms their bases, to tell us that nearly 4,000 years ago the Egyptians had learned to transport the heaviest blocks of granite ever hewn from a quarry, from Syrene, a place 600 miles distant by land, and 700 by water. The height of the Great Pyramid is 474 feet.

The Sphinx had, according to Greek mythology, a human head, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. In the foreground we see the base of the Sphinx, discovered during the recent excavations.

CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

This Chapel is beneath the Church, within the walls of the Convent. It was formerly a cavern or grotto, not far under ground, which is supposed to have been the stable into which Mary was obliged to retire in consequence of there being no room in the inn. Over this spot a church was afterwards erected by the Empress Helena, while the cavern itself was adorned with altars, covered with hangings, and lighted by a variety of splendid lamps, which have been from time to time presented by different kings and princes. On the floor of the semi-circular niche upon the left, where lamps are always kept burning, is an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation:—"On this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

This sacred spot was chosen as the retreat of St. Jerome, who lived in it for many years.

The Church above the Chapel of the Nativity is very handsome and extensive. One portion of it is devoted to the Latin monks, the other to those of the Greek Church. The traveller usually takes up his abode within the Convent walls during his stay.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

The magnificent view here presented is illustrative of the mythology of the ancient Greeks, previous to the advent of the Christian Era. The scene is laid at Byzantium, on the site of which now stands the modern city of Constantinople. Here are a number of poor credulous women who have come to the temple to consult the Oracle on their future lives. On the left is the Pythoness, or priestess, whose office is to convey the questions put by the devotees, and deliver the oracular decrees from the deities. She wears a blue dress, indicative of her truthfulness, and has a gold plate suspended from her amber necklace, on which is engraved the word "Vero," or truth; and, behind the Oracle's head is marked the word "Audito," signifying, hearing. In front of the Pythoness is a copper brazier, in which incense is burning. The two women in the centre have received distressing replies; the others have not yet put their questions. On the extreme right is a young Bacchante, who, returning home from assisting in a procession, has entered the temple to hear the Oracular decrees. She carries in her hand a "Thyrsus" (a fine cone fixed on a wooden rod), and wears a wreath of ivy leaves, sacred to Bacchus. These Pagan superstitions flourished for centuries in remote times, but gradually disappeared with the dawn of Christianity upon the world.

ST. PETERSBURGH.

This sparkling picture represents a scene during the grand carnival given in the Nobility Hall, St. Petersburgh, in honour of the coronation of the Czar. This view represents one of the bright sides of life enjoyed by the Russian Aristocracy. To the left is seen the Czar, Czarina, and Czarewitch watching the festivities from the royal box. Everyone seems brimming over with mirth and excitement. Here we have the Muscovite in every possible guise and disguise. Knights, ladies, ballet girls, clowns, kings, mendicants, tumblers, Punchinello, and even—well, Msphistopheles himself is here; not a miserable demon by any means, but a good-tempered active imp, who jumps jim crow, or something very like it, whilst the bevy of beauties being carried along on the shouldered pedestal, showsr bon-bons amongst the crowd of masqueraders.

NORWAY. "The Nœrodal."

We here have a view of true Norwegian travel. Driving in a carriole down the celebrated "Nœrodal," or Narrow Valley, a few hours after leaving Vossevangen, the traveller enters one of the most awe-striking defiles in Europe—on either side, for upwards of 5,000 feet, tower rocky heights, so near together that the sun never penetrates to the depths of the valley, while the road itself is cut out of the rock, and in sixteen zig-zag windings from its highest point the Stalheimeklev descends a precipitous slope for some thousand feet to the village of Gudvangen, on the Sogne Fjord. One of the most striking features of the scene is the huge rounded rocky summit of the Jordalsnut, which towers many thousand feet above. The small stream here seen is the Nœrodal River. In the foreground we have a Norwegian Wedding Party, and Mr. Gladstone enjoying a carriole drive, during his visit to the "Land of the Midnight Sun" with Lord and Lady Brassey in their yacht "The Sunbeam."

SWITZERLAND—The Town and Lakes of Lucerne.

This is one of the most charming spots on the continent of Europe, and is yearly visited by thousands of tourists. The town is situated on the shores of the lake, and is surrounded by lovely mountain scenery, of which our view gives a good idea. This scene, in addition to its charming beauty, has been made the groundwork of some marvellously realistic effects. We first see it by day, then by dusk, next brilliantly illuminated, and, finally, the moon will be observed to rise from behind the mountain shedding the lustre of its refulgent beams upon the ripples of the lake.

ITALY—An Alpine Avalanche.

Proceeding homeward via Italy and France, we witness an Alpine Avalanche. This view is designed to illustrate the awful havoc created by the Alpine Avalanches. To look upon the scene one might imagine it to be the very abode of tranquillity and security, and yet the liability to sudden destruction is as great as on the brink of a volcano, for, from the summits of the snow-clad heights of the Alps above descend at times, and especially after a sudden thaw when winter is breaking, huge masses of snow and ice, burying all beneath them, and sometimes demolishing whole villages. The first warning of impending peril is a low rumbling noise, immediately followed by a deafening sound as of thunder, or the roar of a mighty cataract, and culminating in a stupendous crash. The dire destruction caused by the avalanche is, by a dioramic effect, made manifest. The Châlet has disappeared, the bridge is entirely broken down, and all around is a scene of ruin and desolation.

FRANCE—MODANE.

We now find ourselves in the pretty little village of Modane, in the French valley of the Arc. The snow-capped mountain in the back-ground is the far-famed Mount Cénis, near which the Mount Cénis Tunnel runs—connecting France with Italy. This tunnel is one of the greatest feats of railway engineering ever accomplished. We next visit

PARIS.

This city—the gayest, handsomest, and those who know it well say, the most magnificent city in Europe—is built on either bank of the river Seine, which almost equally divides it. In the centre of the river is the little Isle of St. Louis, from which the city has sprung, and has extended, until it now occupies an area of eighty square miles, and a population of nearly 2,000,000. It is strongly fortified, being surrounded by a wall broken into bastions, and a ditch, encircling which, at intervals, are immense detached forts, the whole rendering it a place of prodigious strength. Paris of recent years has been almost transformed; many of the Boulevards are of great beauty, and the architecture and monuments superb; the Public Gardens are exceedingly well laid out. Paris owes far more to art than to nature. The Cathedral of Notre Dame stands on the island of St. Louis. Our view shows the interior of this renowned edifice during the grand lying-in-state and funeral service of the Archbishop of Paris, Monsiegneur Darboy, together with Mons. Surat, Father Dugeroy, and the Rev. Messrs. Becourt and Sabatin, which was celebrated by the Nuncio and four French Bishops, in presence of the Ministers of State, Generals of the Army, and Members of the National Assembly. Terrible as were the crimes of the Commune they all sink into insignificance in comparison with the murder of the Archbishop and the 64 hostages. Such a sight as the interior of Notre Dame presented has seldom or never before been witnessed; all the pillars were draped in black and bound with silver cords; lamps and candelabra were scattered in all directions; and, to heighten the gloomy effect, these lamps were filled with spirits of wine and lighted, which cast a ghastly bluish light around, the flames rising and falling in an almost supernatural manner. The remains of the Archbishop were placed in the centre of the Cathedral, and in front of the Altar was a huge Catafalque; over head was a large canopy; while around stood tapers and lamps innumerable; four figures—Faith, Hope, Charity, and Religion—were placed at the corners of the dais, which was profusely decorated with silver stars and fringe. The Catafalque of the other four Ecclesiastics were considerably smaller and less ornamented, yet had an imposing appearance. The remains of the four minor Ecclesiastics were removed for private burial in their respective churches. The Coffin of the Archbishop remained here; and, after vespers for the dead had been chanted, the murdered prelate was lowered into the Archiepiscopal Vault. The midnight bell tolls. The High Mass, which then took place for the Hostages of the Revolutions, will be represented, showing the Interior by Daylight, Twilight, Moonlight, and Brilliantly Illuminated. Priests and Acolytes kneeling at the Altar. The Interior of the Cathedral crowded with worshippers—the Organ and Voices heighten the effect.

LONDON—THE COLINDERIES EXHIBITION.

In connection with recent Exhibitions held in South Kensington Gardens, London, what has been aptly termed the Fairyland Concerts took place. Our view shows the fountains, statue of the late Prince Consort, the Conservatory, and behind that the Royal Albert Hall. To the right and left are the Kiosks erected for the Bands. We just show you the gardens and surroundings as they appeared by day, but it was when night approached that a most charming and fairylike scene was witnessed. At a given signal the gardens, buildings, statues, trees, fountains, &c., became suddenly illuminated with myriads of various coloured electric lights, then to the strains of grand music the fountains commenced to play, changing at times into various devices and forms, and by an ingenious arrangement the electric light was brought to bear in all colours underneath the jets of water, the whole producing an effect gorgeous and thrilling in the extreme, which we here endeavour by clever dioramic means to imitate. The great task of illuminating the various exhibitions by the electric light, was carried out by Sir Francis Bolton and assistants, and certainly reflects the highest credit on all concerned.

A GHOST STORY.

This view represents a social party in an old mansion, at Xmas time, where the Squire is relating a **Ghost Story.** They are not all very attentive, however. Our elderly friend on the left evidently prefers the game of *nap*, while the young couple are so interested in each other with the old, old *story*, that the Ghost *Story* has no fascination for them. The old ladies, the children, Jeames here, and the Curate, without whom the party would be incomplete, seem to be most interested. The worthy host, in blood-curdling tones, is telling how, "in the loathsome vault beneath the haunted chamber, wherein the ghastly crime was committed 300 years ago, an awful ominous pat! pat! pat! was heard descending from the worm-eaten rafters above, freezing the marrow in the bones of the victim and filling him with horror at the prospect of his inevitable and approaching doom," when an unearthly yell rang through the stilly clearness of the night—(crash and dioramic effect). The unearthly yell, however, as you will perceive, *really* proceeds from that much-abused quadruped the donkey, and causes such fearful consternation among the company as to render it doubtful *which* of them or *it* is the greatest donkey. The old gentleman, roused from his *nap*, is in a state of abject terror, whilst to Edwin on the contrary it has proved a golden opportunity. The Squire himself seems horrified, all around him are terror-stricken.

THE RIVER THAMES, WATERLOO BRIDGE, &c.

We now find ourselves on the River Thames. Facing us we see Waterloo Bridge, one of the many fine bridges connecting the Middlesex portion of London with the Surrey side; on the left a portion of the Thames Embankment, which extends from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster, here we see Cleopatra's Needle. On the opposite side of the bridge may be seen Somerset House, the spires of St. Mary's and St. Clement's-Dane churches in the Strand, the new Law Courts, St. Bride's, and the dome of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece—St. Paul's Cathedral.

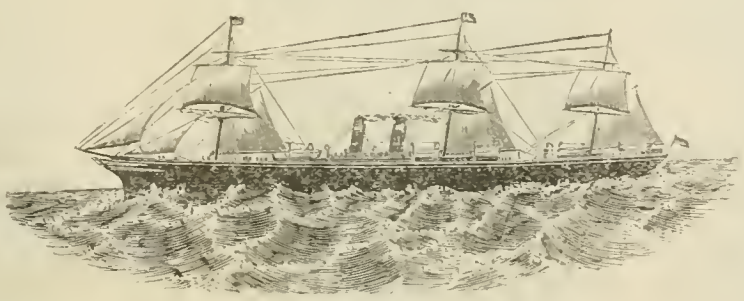
ROTTEN ROW.

We here introduce a charming panstereorama by J. J. MARKWELL DAVIS, Esq., illustrating Rotten Row, London, during the height of the season, when all the celebrities of the day can be seen walking, riding, or driving. In the foreground we see the Duke of Sutherland, with his renowned four-in-hand team, Mrs. Langtry, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Frederic Leighton, and behind him, Mr. Chas. Stewart Parnell.

THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT.

At certain times Her Majesty condescends to appear personally before her faithful lords and commons during the reading of "The Queen's Speech." This honour is much coveted by the prime minister, as it in a measure shows that Her Majesty approves of the manner in which Imperial matters have been conducted by the party in power. On this occasion the Royal Procession consisted of five carriages, each drawn by six bays, conveying the great officers of the household: a carriage drawn by six blacks conveying Lady Southamptou (Lady-in-Waiting), the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe (Lord Steward), and the Earl of Bradford (Master of the Horse); and the Royal carriage, drawn by eight cream coloured horses, conveying the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes), H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, and Her Majesty the Queen. Her Majesty wore a dress and train of black satin, trimmed with minever, and a veil of Honiton lace, surmounted by the crown in diamonds; she also wore the Koh-i-noor as a brooch. Princess Beatrice wore a dress of ruby velvet, and a diadem of rubies and diamonds. Our picture represents the procession passing through New Palace Yard on the way to the Victoria Tower, in which is situated the Royal entrance to the Palace of Westminster. On arriving at the Palace Her Majesty, before whom walked the Duke of Portland bearing the crown, the Marquis of Salisbury with the sword of state, and the Marquis of Winchester bearing the cap of maintenance, proceeded by way of the royal staircase in the Victoria Tower to the robing room, and thence by the Royal or Victoria Gallery and the Prince's Chamber to the House of Lords, where the speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. The Queen then descended the throne leaning on the arm of the late Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, and the procession reformed and returned in the same order as before. The Houses of Parliament, or New Palace of Westminster, seen in the background, forms one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected in a single decade in Europe—probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world. It covers an area of nearly nine acres, having a river frontage of nearly 1,000 feet, and the Victoria Tower at the south-western extremity reaches the gigantic elevation of nearly 350 feet, and to the top of the vane 420 feet, being the highest tower in the world. Towers of lesser magnitude crown other portions of the building. Fourteen halls, galleries, vestibules, and other apartments of great capacity and noble proportions are contained within its limits; it comprises eight official residences, each first-rate mansions, fit to receive families of distinction. Twenty corridors and lobbies are required to serve as the great roadways through this aggregation of edifices; thirty-two noble apartments facing the river are occupied as committee-rooms; libraries, waiting-rooms, dining-rooms, and clerks' offices, exist in a superabundant measure; eleven greater courts and a score of minor openings give light and air to the interior of this superb fabric; its cubic contents exceed 15,000,000 feet, being one half more than St. Paul's, the structure containing not less than between 500 and 600 distinct apartments, amongst which is a chapel for divine worship, formed out of the crypt of old St. Stephen's. The designs were made by Sir Charles Barry, R.A., and the late Mr. A. W. Pugin, whose familiarity with Gothic architecture was probably unequalled since the Middle Ages. On the right of the picture is old Westminster Hall, which was originally built by William Rufus, and re-built in its present form by Richard II. in 1397. Westminster Hall was for many centuries the scene of state banquets given at the coronation of our monarchs, and also the place wherein the most important state trials have taken place.

FINALE.



Selections from the following Songs, Duets, &c.,

ARE OCCASIONALLY INTRODUCED IN

CHAS. W. POOLE'S NEW PICTORIAL TOURS.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE GUARD.

WAKE! England, from your sleeping,
For Queen and Country wake;
Your Countrymen are weeping,
Your honour is at stake;
Hark! to the roar and rattle
That echo far away,
Gird up your loins for battle,
Or stay at home and pray.
CHORUS.
For the men who are marching to the front,
For the women who are weeping and bereft,
For the boys that brave the battle and the brunt,
For the broken-hearted girls that they have left,
For the honour and the valour, tho' the duty may be hard,
For the glory of the soldiers of the guard.

Speed! England, they are crying
For help from mother land,
Avenge the dead and dying
Left on the desert sand;
Rush to the front and brave it,
Pluck out the foemen's sting,
Unfurl the flag and wave it,
That Englishmen may sing.
For the men, &c.

Shout! England, and above it,
Ring the betrayers' knell,
Find out the spot and love it,
Where gallant Gordon fell;
March, for the bands are playing,
Leave to the loved a tear,
Farewell—the anchor's weighing,
But let the people cheer.
For the men, &c.

THE YOUNG BRIGADE.

Published by H. W. Wickins, 102, New Bond St., W.

A BOY left his home o'er the blue hills far away;
Mother and father to leave for many a day;
To the girl he loves he bids a fond adieu,
I'll come back again; "Be faithful and be true."

He sees the colours bright and gay,
He hears the fife and drum,
His heart is fired with a soldier's life,
The camp with its busy hum.— Yes—

Marching, marching, on their way they go,
By love and duty sway'd.
They'll win a name; a soldier's fame;
The boys of the young brigade.

Weary and worn he sinks to rest,
On the far off field of fight;
And gentle sleep brings dreams of home,
And visions sweet and bright;

And then he hears the village bells,
Which makes his heart rejoice,
He feels the grasp of a father's hand,
The sound of a mother's voice.
To arms! to arms! to arms! [cry,
The trumpet sounds the soldier's rallying
And the hurried tramp of armed men
Proclaims the foe is nigh.

Amid the roar of battle and fighting side by side,
They sweep the foe before them like a mighty rushing tide;
And mid the shouts of victory, and rifles shining blade,
The foremost of the victors are the gallant young brigade.
And now the war is over, and smiling peace once more
Brings back our lads in honour, to old Britain's welcome shores.—Yes,—

Marching, marching, on their way they
By love and duty sway'd; [come;
They've won a name, a soldier's fame,
These boys of the young brigade.

ANCHORED!

Published by B. WILLIAMS, *19, Paternoster Row, E.C., London.*

FLYING with flowing sail,
Over the summer sea;
Sheer thro' the seething gale,
Homeward bound was she!
Flying with feath'ry prow,
Bounding with slanting keel,
And glad was the sailor lad
As he steered and sang at his wheel.

"Only another day to stray,
Only another night to roam
Then safe at last, the harbour past,
Safe in my father's home."

Bright on the flashing brine,
Glittered the summer sun!
Sweetly the starry shine
Smiled when the day was done!
Blythe was the breeze of heav'n
Filling the flying sail,
And glad was the sailor lad,
As he steer'd and sang thro' the gale.
"Only another day," &c.

Sudden the lightnings flashed,
Like falchions in the dark!
Sudden the thunders crashed!
Alas! for the gallant bark.
There when the storm had pass'd,
A dreary wreck lay she!
But bright was the starry light,
That shone on the summer sea!

And a soft smile came from the stars,
And a voice from the whisp'ring foam,
Safe, safe at last, the danger past,
Safe in his Father's home!

THE PET OF THE AGE.

I'M a lady, a perfect young lady,
In fashion you'll find I'm all there;
My father's a don in the city—
A knight, and a millionaire.
From mamma I've the right to a title—
I'm Lady Fitz Faddle Fol Hay;
I'm the pet and the pride of creation,
In fact, I'm the girl of the day.

CHORUS.

I'm the pet of the age, tra, la, la;
My style is the rage, tra, la, la; [race,
For figure and grace I'm the first in the
I'm a dashing young La di da, tra, la la.

I'm the belle of May-fair, I'm the darling
Of all the young fellows in town;
They tell me I'm really perfection,
And call me of ladies the don.
In dress I spend cash very freely,
My fashions and styles are the rage,
I'm copied by all the young ladies;
I'm really the pet of the age.
I'm the pet, &c.

I stroll out at twelve in the morning,
And then in the Row have a drive;
And smile, tho' in heart I am scorning,
And to outshine my neighbours I strive.
The girls all with envy are bursting,
My style is so easy and free;
And to witness my downfall they're thirsting,
For none of them 're in it with me.
I'm the pet, &c.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea ran high, the barque rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell.
T'was a gallant barque, and a crew as brave
As ever rode on the heaving wave;
She shone in the light of declining day,
Each sail was set and each heart was gay.

They neared the land wherein beauty smiles
The sunny shores of the Grecian isles.
All thought of home, and of welcome dear,
Which soon would greet each wanderer's ear,
And in fancy joined the social throng,
The festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud flies thro' the azure sky;
What means that wild despairing cry?
That cry is help, where no help can come,
Farewell those visiou'd scenes of home!
For the white squall rides on the surging wave, [grave.
And the barque is 'gulphed in an ocean

MEDLEY BANJO SONG.

I wonder what Johnny's doing? reading his book I hope.
He's gone down town to play at cards with the gay gambleiers.

Susan was in the kitchen boiling starch for shirts;
William drink'd it up, and couldn't shut his eyes.

The king was in the pantry counting out his money,
In came a little blackbird, and left him minus his nose.

The old Thomas kitten got up the apple tree and climbed up to the top,
He couldn't get any higher, so he turned round and then he came down again.

The young ladies were in the parlour waiting for their sweethearts,
In came a sheriff's officer and took away all the furniture.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, I'll tell you how to do it—
Wait till the performance is over, and then wait till you get a pretty good kind of an opportunity, and, that's all.

A SOLDIER AND A MAN.

A SOLDIER stood on the battlefield,
His weary watch to keep,
Whilst the pale moon cast her mantle o'er
The souls that neath her sleep.
Ah, me! he sighed, with tearful eye,
And thought of Him above;
I'm far away from my children dear,
And all on earth I love;
Oh, Father, who in heaven above, hath all
things in Thy span;
Remember, he who yields his life is a
soldier and a man.

CHORUS.

The bugle called, he hastened forth—
The bravest in the battle van;
Remember, he who yields his life
Is a soldier and a man.

The night watch o'er, the morn has dawned,
Her light on earth to shew,
Whilst the soldier, true to his country's call,
Advances to meet the foe;
Amid the din of shot and shell,
He fought with heart so brave,
Till reeling from his faithful steed,
He found a soldier's grave;
Oh, Father, who in heaven above, hath all
thing in Thy span;
Remember, he who yields his life is a
soldier and a man.

The bugle called, etc., etc.

NEGRO SONG AND DANCE.

WHEN I used to work upon the levee,
Many happy darkeys there you see,
Cotton coming in so very heavy,
Golly there was lots of work for me.
Black man rolling in the cargo,
Sun so very hot upon his head,
When done he dance a jolly jargo,
Run-tum on the banjo, then to bed.
Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away:
That's where my heart is turning ever,
That's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

When I used to work upon the river,
Tooting wood and water all the day,
Cold winds come and make me shiver,
Glad dis child was to get away.
White man give me silver dollar
Every day I work upon the dock;
Then I get some whisky and I hollar—
Blim-blim, chingo-ringo rock;

For we aint got time to tarry,
We ain't got time to stay;
'Tis a rocky road to travel,
To Dixey, far away.
We ain't got time to tarry,
We ain't got time to stay;
'Tis a rocky road to travel,
To Dixey, far away.

Dis darky's fond of fried potatoes,
Cat-fish and coffee's nice;
Make you feel like an alligator
Just when he's going to catch a mice.
When the bell rings for dinner,
Then I see my Dinah, dear,
I'll marry her as true as I'm a sinner,
And love her every day in the year.

Let us pause in life's pleasure;
And count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger
For ever in our ears;
Oh, hard times come again no more.
For we ain't got time to tarry, etc.

SNOWFLAKES.

ONE cold day in December, as the snow
was on the ground,
The time I'll e'er remember, I a lovely
maiden found;
Her blue eyes shone so brightly - with joy
my heart did swell,
As she tripped along so gently as the snow-
flakes gently fell.

CHORUS.

As the snow fell gently from above,
[Break]
It was then I met my love,
[Break]
The time I'll e'er remember, when first I
met young Nell,
One cold day in December as the snow-
flakes gently fell.

[DANCE.]

TRUE TILL DEATH.

HERE will I pledge thee, dearest one,
Here will I vow, ere the day be done:
Darker the shadows fall from the trees,
Stirred to and fro by the evening breeze.

CHORUS.

True, true till death, true, true till death.
Bear it, oh, wind, on your lightning breath,
Bear it, oh, stream on your ocean tide,
Echo it, carry it far and wide—
True, true till death, true, true till death.

Here will I pledge thee, dearest one,
For I must leave thee all alone;
Dark is the forest, dark is the shore,
Loud beats the storm, and the waters roar,
True, true, &c.

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

'TWAS in '55, on a winter's night—
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
We'd got the Rooshan lines in sight,
When up comes a little midshipmite.
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
"Who'll go ashore to-night," says he,
"And spike their guns along wi' me!"
"Why blcss'ee, sir, come along," says we.
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!

With a long, long pull,
An' a strong, strong pull,
Gaily, boys, make her go;
An' we'll drink to-night
To the midshipmite,
Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho!

We launched the cutter an' shoved her
out—
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
The lubbers might ha' heard us shout
As the middy cried, "Now, my lads, put
about."
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
We made for the guns, an' we rammed 'em
tight,
But the musket shots came left an' right,
An' down drops the poor little midship-
mite.
Steadily, my lads, yo ho!

With a long, long pull, &c.

"I'm done for now; good bye," says he—
Steadily, my lads, yo ho!
"You make for the boat; never mind for
me."
"We'll take'ee back, sir, or die," says we.
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
So we hoisted him in in a terrible plight,
An' we pulled every man with all his
might,
An' saved the poor little midshipmite.
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!

With a long, long pull, &c.

MRS. SOMEBODY SWALLOWED A FLY.

MRS. Somebody swallowed a fly,
Somebody told her she should die
Mrs. Somebody piped her eye.

CHORUS

Swallowed a fly, sure to die, piped her eye,
I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Somebody.

Somebody told her to swallow a spider,
She collar'd and swallowed one close beside
her,
Before the physician had time to chide her.
Swallowed a fly, sure to die, piped her eye;
Swallowed a spider close beside her,
before they could chide her.
I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Somebody.

To catch the spider she swallowed a bird.
Did you ever know anything half so absurd?
It's the funniest story I ever heard.
Swallowed a fly, sure to die, piped her eye,
Swallowed a spider, close beside her,
before they could chide her,
Likewise a bird, very absurd, on my word;
I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Somebody.

To catch the bird she swallowed a cat—
She must have been a silly old flat
To swallow a tabby—why, what was she at?
Swallowed a fly, sure to die, piped her eye,
Swallowed a spider, close beside her,
before they could chide her;
Likewise a bird, very absurd, on my word;
Also a cat, what was she at? silly old flat—
I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Somebody.

To catch the cat she swallowed a dog,
Then, having swallowed the entire whole
hog,
What next to do she got in a fog—
Swallowed a fly, sure to die, piped her eye,
Swallowed a spider, close beside her,
before they could chide her,
Likewise a bird, very absurd, on my word
Also a cat, what was she at? silly old flat—
Now a dog, entire whole hog, in a fog;
I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Somebody.

Somebody bought her a big pork pie,
Which frightened the hog and made him cry;
Then out of her mouth he soon did fly.
Swallowed a fly, sure to die, piped her eye,
Swallowed a spider, close beside her,
before they could chide her,
Likewise a bird, very absurd, on my word;
Also a cat, what was she at? silly old flat—
Now a dog, entire whole hog, in a fog,
Big pork pie, made him cry;
Now good-bye—
I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Somebody.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von lunny leedle poy
Vot goms just to mine knee,
Der queerest schap, der ereatest rogue
As efer you did see.
He runs, and shumps, and schmashes dings
In all parts of de house;
But vot off dot? he vas mine son—
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He gets der measles and der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's out;
He spills mine glass of lager beer,
Poots schnuff inso mine kraut.
He fills my pipe mit Lemburg cheese,
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot from no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

DOWN WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

IT was where the woodbine twineth behind a floral screen,
In a graceful pose reclineth a maiden of sweet sixteen ;
So enchanting was the picture that I could not pass it by,
So I stood just like a statue, for beauty charmed my eye.
Then I saw that she was reading to while away the time,
My anxious gaze unheeding, beneath the woodbine vine.

CHORUS.

Yes, I love her, so I'd have you all to know,
This charming little creature 'neath the portico ;
It was there we met, I never shall forget,
Down where the woodbine twineth.

I stood like one bewildered. What course could I pursue ?
With her loveliness enraptured, I knew not what to do ;
When a balmy breeze it wafted. her fan fell on the ground,
With ecstacy I grasped it, with "Fair maid, your fan I've found."
She thanked me very kindly with blushes like carmine.
And sweetly said she'd meet me beneath the woodbine vine.
Yes, I love her, &c.

We met, we loved, we parted, with joy my heart did swell,
When she breathed to me a secret with "Darling, don't you tell."
I soon became acquainted with her papa and ma ;
She's in every vision painted, my love, my guiding star.
Now my story's almost ended. We married were in time,
Now live where once we courted, beneath the woodbine vine.
Yes, I love her, &c.

MY QUEEN.

WHERE and how shall I earliest meet her ?
What are the words she first will say ?
By what name shall I learn to greet her ?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day.
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlet sheen,
She is standing somewhere—she I would honour ;
She that I wait for—my queen, my queen.

I would not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light ;
I would not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does it will sure be right.
And she may be humble or proud—my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between ;
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my queen, my queen.

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, the maiden I love ;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean ;
The stars shall fall and the angels be weeping
Ere I cease to love her—my queen, my queen.

THE STORM FIEND.

OH, down they go to the sea in ships
With happy hearts and laughing lips,
With hope and faith in the faithless sea,
And little do they reck of me.
Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! fair shipmen, masters, mine,
Laugh on ! while sky and sea are fine.
If I set my horn to my lips and blow,
Down in a trice your ships shall go ;
Down, down, down your ships shall go ;
While I chuckle and laugh, ho, ho !
The Storm Fiend is the lord of woe

The trembling maiden kneels alone, the tears are in her eyes,
She sees the angry billows blown, and the low'ring stormy skies ;
Ah ! well may she weep when I'm abroad,
Weep for her love at sea,
And pray for him till her eyes grow dim,
Miserere Domine ! Miserere Domine !
Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! fair folk on land and sea,
Your tears and cries they comfort me ;
For who can stand when he hears my call
Down in a trice ye bow and fall ;
Down, down, down ye bow and fall ;
While I chuckle and laugh, ho, ho
The Storm Fiend is the lord of woe

KISSING.—Banjo Song.

KISSING, my friends, is a very simple thing,
For it shows the affection that we feel,
And it seems to be the style to be kissing all the while,
Some like it best to catch it on the steal.
We will kiss the little baby, or some fellow's sister, may be,
No matter whether he bicks or not.
But to kiss your neighbour's wife, it's almost worth your life,
If he finds it out he's bound to make it hot.

So be careful who you kiss, and never make a miss, [instead.
You might get a rap across the face
So be careful who you tackle, she might cackle, cackle, cackle, [head.
So first be sure you're right, then go a-

When a fellow's in love with a pretty little dove,
He'll linger all around her under jaw,
He'll kiss her for her mother, her sister or her brother, [the door.
Till her daddy comes and kicks him from
He'll pull a pistol from his pocket, pull the hammer for to cock it,
And vows he'll blow out his giddy brain;
But his ducky says he mustn't—'tisn't loaded, so he doesn't,
And they go to work at kissing again.

The old maids like it, some widows ain't above it—
We've all got a finger in the pie ;
Some people that are haughty, they say it's very naughty,
But you bet your life they do it on the sly.

When a girl is seventeen, she thinks it awful mean [mash,
If she can't get hold of something for to
She'll pucker up her mouth with a very funny pout,
And hover all around his big moustache;
You couldn't shake her off, just a moment for to cough,
She'll stick to you like granulated glue.
It's no use you to tell her you're some other girl's feller, [you do.
For she'll smack you on the smeller it

If you want to kiss neatly, completely, and so sweetly,
If you want to kiss so as to kiss her nice,
If you get a chance to kiss her, make a dodge or two and miss her, [twice:
Then smack her on the kisser once or

SOMEBODY IN THE HOUSE WITH DINAH.

Banjo Song.

OLD Joe stood at the garden gate ;
I couldn't let him in for he came too late.
Says I, "Old Joe, what you doing down there ?" [bear."
"I want to get a gun for to shoot at the

CHORUS.

Somebody in the house with Dinah,
Somebody in the house I know ;
Somebody in the house with Dinah,
A picking on the old banjo.

Me and old Joe had a fight ;
We fit all day and all that night ;
Then old Joe Cole he went right home
And combed his wool with a currycomb.
Chorus.

'Way down south, where I was born,
They work all day in the field of corn ;
Ingin pudding and pumpkin pie ;
The black kick out the white cat's eye.
Chorus.

'Way down south, in the wild goose nation,
Pretty yaller girl that beats creation ;
Good beefsteak and a mutton chop,
Make a darkey's mouth go flip, flap, flop.
Chorus.

THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

LADIES, dear ladies, and gentlemen, too,
For one single moment please listen, ah, do,
To this poor wandering florist with my little few
Of sweet scented beauties to sell unto you.
I'm far, far away from my own native France,
Where the gayest and fairest exquisitely dance,
With garlands of flowers of various hues,
A few from my basket will you please to choose ?

CHORUS.

Violets, roses, sweet scented posies,
All of them sparkling and glittering with dew ;
Violets, roses, sweet scented posies,
Who'll buy my roses ? who'll buy them ? ah, do.

Buy, if you please ; if you please, will you buy ?
I've come a long way my fortune to try,
From my own sunny France, my own native land ;
They'll make you look handsome, they'll make you look grand.
I have daisies, pansies, and violets as well ;
I've blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bell ;
The shamrock so green, and England's sweet rose.
Ma'moiselle, from my basket will you please to choose ?
Violets, roses, &c.

All day do I wander, and not one single sou ;
Then, charming ladies, I ask of you
To look at my basket of lilies so fair ;
Like diamonds they'll sparkle and shine in your hair.
I've some for your coat, and some for your room—
The odour's delicious—and they're all in full bloom ;
If you don't buy them soon they'll wither and die,
And leave me to wander and plaintively cry— Violets, roses, &c.

ROSE, THE COLOURED BELLE.

THE belles and beaux, as each one knows, are loved by one and all,
And a loving word is often heard as some pet name they call;
Of all the girls I ever saw to suit this darkey swell,
When her you see, you will agree 'tis Rose, the coloured belle.

CHORUS.

She's as charming as the pretty little daisy that grows in the fields close by.
And my love I'd like to tell to Rose, the coloured belle, the idol and the apple of my eye.

We met by chance the usual way, her face was wreathed with a smile;
And for a chance to catch a glance I'd walk for many a mile.
The flowers seem to nod their heads when she walks in the dell,
The birds and bees, why even these, love Rose, the coloured belle.
She's as charming, &c.

The days flew by; we both became like friends of an olden time;
And soon the question I did pop, to ask her to be mine;
But if she goes and marries Mose, that coloured darkey swell,
I'd wipe my eye, and say good-bye to Rose, the coloured belle.
She's as charming, &c.

DAT'S WHAT'S DE MATTER WID THE GAL.

Banjo Song.

SOME people say that every day, there's not a single trouble,
And that must be the reason why that mine are always double;
From day to day and week to week my life is one long trial,
And when you hear the proofs I'll give, you'll own there's no denial.
I once did love a yaller gal whose front name was Hannah,
She was knock kneed and hump-backed, and came from Alabama,
She weighed about thirty stone, exactly to my taste,
She had a splendid figure, six yards around the waist—
And dat's what's de matter wid the gal.

I met her, but I quite forget where first I chanced to meet her,
I treated her—no, I don't mean that, tho' much I did entreat her,
I called her by her name, that is, I would but did not know it;
I felt that I could die for her, but did not like to show it.
But one day when walking I met this charming Venus,
She said, "Oh, my, I feel so dry, now ain't you going to treat us."
She drank whisky, gin and bitters, and brandy, brown and pale,
Then finished up by pouring down a gallon of bitter ale—
And dat's what's de matter wid the gal.

She'd a voice like an engine when the whistle blows,
She could knock spots out of Patti or charming Marie Roze;
When she opened her gum-elastic lips prepared to take her breath,
All the darkeys round her were almost scared to death.
She'd a mouth from ear to ear, and could eat a ton of grub,
Her eyes were like peeled onions sticking in the mud;
Her nose—well, it was a nose, as sure as I'm a joker;
'Twas just the sort of snout you see on good old Ally Sloper—
And dat's what's de matter wid the gal.

Her foot is very beautiful, she wears a seventeen,
Her heel sticks out a yard behind, the funniest ever seen,
And when she goes a-walking as the sun goes down,
All the creeping insects skedaddle out of town.
But she's gone away and left me, and you can plainly see
I'm like a sick monkey up a sour apple tree;
It don't make a dif-a-bit-a-rence to either you or I,
Big pig or little pig, root hog or die—
And dat's what's de matter wid the gal.

OLD AND NEW.

IN days of long ago when George was king,
Beside this rippling streamlet grey,
How many lovers heard the bride-bells ring,
And dreamt, as we two dreamed to-day?
How many lips have whisper'd plighting vow?
How many eyes looked proud or shy,
Beneath the trees, where we are whispering now,
Beneath the self-same starlit sky?

CHORUS.

Ah! what does it matter—olden times or new?
For love will never die
So long as loving hearts to-day are true,
As in the good old days gone by.

In days gone by, while lovers dreamt, this stream
Went singing softly on its way;
The years went by, they loved and had their dreams;
Forgotten long ago are they.
To lovers new, in newer times, it sings
The same old song it sang of yore;
For many changes to the world time brings,
But love is love for evermore.

Ah! what does it matter, &c.

OH! HE HIT ME ON THE NOSE.

WEN I vas in Dietcherland I vas a gay young man,
Happy as happy could be, [vay,
Und nearly every day, ven I did pass dot Voue Dietcher young girl I did see.
Shalem Von Hassareck, that vos her name;
Her hair it vos red, und her nose vos de same. [be,
And I thought very often how happy we'd
And I sang aloud mit glee—*A la Tyrolese.*

1ST CHORUS.

Oh! he hit me on de nose,
Oh! he hit me on de nose;
Ven I go to court dot girl
His fist vent up, und down I fell.
Oh! he hit me on de nose,
Oh! he hit me on de nose,
Ten thousand stars, I saw dem shining,
Ven he hit me on de nose.

2ND CHORUS.

Meet me at de garden gate,
Meet me at de garden gate,
Dere I will meet you ven the sun is shining high.
Oh! meet me at de garden gate,
Meet me at de garden gate, [ing.
Dere I will meet you early in de morn-

Now don't be surprised if you read in de papers
Dat Shalam Von Hassareck's fled;
We both mean to run avay early some morning,
Before de old man's out of bed.
Ve'll get up our boxwood to pack up our clothes; [nose,
Yes, I'll be revenged for dot slap on my
Und ven ve are married how happy ve'll be,
I'll sing aloud mit glee— [*A la Tyrolese.*

1ST CHORUS.

2ND CHORUS.

Now de very next morning I vent to de garden,
Und stood by de gate a long time;
I could not make out den vy Shalem vos missing,
So I thought dat de wall I would climb.
I climbs to de top, and I takes a look round,
Und den I vos just going to drop to de ground,
Ven I see my love Shalem sit under a tree,
Und I sang aloud mit glee—[*A la Tyrolese.*

1ST CHORUS.

2ND CHORUS.

ERE WE WON WATERLOO.

Introduced in a character impersonation, "Old Hardflint."

Our poets, in a hundred rhymes and many a goodly strain,
Have sung the glorious olden times, and I'll sing them once again;
Let Rads their cry of progress raise, but I'm a good old blue,
And much prefer the happy days ere we won Waterloo.

CHORUS.

Say what you may, the times decay,
They're not the times we knew
A full threescore years back or more,
Ere we won Waterloo.

We had no railroads, nor knew we of steam's terrific power;
By stage coach we could only go some dozen miles per hour;
But slow and sure beats dash ahead, I pray you what say you?
And travelling did not mean a smash ere we won Waterloo.

CHORUS—Say what you may, &c.

My limbs are strong for eighty odd, my voice is not so bad;
But as you'll guess, and I'll confess, I've not the wind I had.
There was a time that I could sing a dozen songs or two,
But that was when the lungs were young, ere we won Waterloo.

CHORUS—Say what you may, &c

THE CHILLY MAN.

I WAS always chilly, dreadfully chilly,
I was always chilly from the moment I was born.
The year that I was born the Thames was frozen o'er,
And I'm told it just took forty days our water tap to thaw.
'Twas on Snow Hill Dr. Snow introduced me to this earth,
And Mrs. North's cold treatment brought a cold on at my birth.
I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadfully chilly,
I was always chilly when I was a boy.
No matter where I went I was always treated cool;
In fact I looked so precious cold I nearly froze the school.
I always had sore chilblains around my chilly toes,
And always had an icicle hanging from my nose. I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadfully chilly,
Yes, I was chilly when I was a lad.
They bound me to a builder, from some unfeeling cause;
Tho' I was indoor 'prentice, I was always out of doors.
My master's name was Winter, who denied me even broth,
And he kept my bedroom window up tho' the wind blew from the north.
I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, frightfully chilly,
Yes, I was chilly on my wedding morn.
I took Miss Frost to church one cold December day,
We slipped about like two young eels, the snow fell all the way.
In the evening some young ladies to our chamber stole like mice,
They took the feathers from the bed and filled it full of ice.
I was always chilly, &c.

I was alwas chilly, terribly chilly,
Yes, I was chilly when a married man.
Ere the honeymoon was o'er my wife gave up her breath,
And I was sent to Coldbath Fields for freezing her to death.
But your very warm reception and kind feeling that you show
Has sent a spark bang thro' my heart, and set me in a glow.
And I don't feel chilly, not a bit chilly,
And I don't feel chilly, what a pleasure to be warm.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

(Published by Morley & Co., Regent Street, London.)

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade by blade,
Fought till they bled and died!
Who so ready and undismayed?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Where are the boys we knew?

CHORUS.

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily, blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

Over the sea, far away they lie,
Far from the land of their love;
Nations alter, the years go by,
But heav'n still is heav'n above.
Not in the abbey, proudly laid,
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade
They sleep in Old England's heart.
Then steadily, shoulder, &c.

ROCKING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

OH! where is the man that never has loved
Some sweet little innocent child;
Some dear little baby that never will cry
Can make the fierce man become mild.
Some people seek pleasure away from thei homes,
But I to my fireside will keep;
With the fire shining bright I could sin all the night
While rocking the baby to sleep.
A la Tyrolese.

I'm just sixty-eight, and my dear little wif
Is just ten years younger than me.
We're fond of enjoyment and plenty of fun,
And we're blest with fine children three;
But they all grow big now, and Fritz he's a man,
He's a wife and one children to keep;
And he sings that same song that I used to sing
While rocking the baby to sleep.
A la Tyrolese.

And as I grow older and older I pray
That I was a child once again;
And when I feel weary at close of the day
I fancy I hear that same strain.
The children flock round me, they climb on my knee,
They sit up and make me feel young;
And they ask me to sing them that sweet little song
My mother sang to me.
A la Tyrolese.

THE DRY LAND SAILOR.

I NEVER was on board a ship, I never went to sea,
I never was east of Deptford docks, but a sailor you'd think me;
It's just as well to think I am, that the salt sea is my abode;
I'm a turnpike sailor on the tramp, and sails my ship by road.

CHORUS.

Then look upon a sailor bold wot's lost his arm at sea;
I've lost my eye and broke my leg, so please to pity me.

I'm all the way from Manchester, and got no work to do;
I've been a navvy frozen out, of dodges tried a few;
But of all the things to touch the hearts, the sailor, that's the game.
You ties yer arm up in a sling and walks a little lame. Then look upon, &c.

I knows as much about a ship as a ship knows about me;
If ships are like the county jail, why then I've been to sea.
What's the use of knowing much, you'll find what I say's true,
Pretend to know a hawful lot, and people thinks you do. Then look upon, &c.

I say I've been to polar seas, where it's wery hot at times;
I've been to China catching whales, I've been to icy climes;
I've been swallowed by a whale, like Jonah; I've been hungry forty days;
So I illustrates this picture, and that's the thing wot pays.
Then look upon, &c.

THE CHIEF MATE'S STORY;

OR THE WRECK OF THE *Indian Chief.*

Cold as death was the piercing wind,
'Twas a fearful night at sea.
We knew our brave old ship was doom'd;
For the storm raged furiously.
We had drifted to wreck-known ground
Close ahead were the dread long sands,
And the skipper, God bless his soul!
Spoke cheerily to the hands;
"Fear not, be brave, my lads," said he,
"If this night should be our last,
Above we shall meet in a peaceful port
Where the storms of life have pass'd."

We knew that our ship was sinking,
The Angel of Death was near,
And yet not a sailor aboard
Show'd the faintest sign of fear.
As hour by hour wore on,
The storm in its fury grew,
And, bit by bit, broke up our ship.
Oh! fearful scene to view!
And the skipper, true heart was he,
Had left for the other shore;
And some of our mates went with him
To anchor for evermore.

There were few of us left at last,
Just as dawn'd another day,
We saw o'er the cruel, seething foam,
A life-boat making her way,
And nearer and nearer she came,
Thank God, from death we were saved;
May the deeds of her gallant men
In the log-book above be graved.
And when at last our cruise is o'er,
And the golden shore in view,
May we see at last in the angel throng,
The souls of that brave and noble crew.

THE NAGGLETONS.

Mrs. N.—And so at last it comes to this!
A pretty state of married bliss!
Oh, happy they who wedlock miss.
Hear me, Mr. Naggleton.

Mr. N.—You asked me to come out of town.

Mrs. N.—But not to sleep the whole way down.

Mr. N.—On purpose to avoid your frown,
Charming Mrs. Naggleton.

Mr. N.—Oh, charming Mrs., cheerful Mrs., smiling Mrs. Naggleton.

Mrs. N.—Cruel Mr., spiteful Mr., horrid Mr. Naggleton.

Mrs. N.—You call it pleasure, I suppose
Unless you sleep you always doze.
Your club has taught you tricks like those,
Has it, Mr., Mr. Naggleton?

Mr. N.—The club, my dear; at least when there
I've no domestic broils to bear
In fact the cuisine's very fair—
Very, Mrs. Naggleton.

Mrs. N.—Of course at home there's nothing right.

Mr. N.—I know my club excites your spite.

Mrs. N.—You're really getting too polite,
Manly Mr. Naggleton.

Mr. N.—My dear, I've only this to say:
I'd dine at home—aye, every day—
Could you but get a cook to stay
With you, Mrs. Naggleton.

Mrs. N.—My dear, your amiability
May pass for wit—but not by me.

Mr. N.—The joke I really cannot see—
Cannot, Mrs. Naggleton.
Mrs. N.—No doubt it's manly to be cool—
To try to prove your wife a fool.
Pray what's a husband for?
Mr. N.— To rule.
Own it, Mrs. Naggleton.
Mrs N.—Say what I will you always tease;
I've done my best, you know, to please.
Mr. N.—I'll try to think so by degrees.
May I, Mrs. Naggleton?
Mrs. N.—You once said I was perfect—
Mr. N.— When?
Mrs. N.—I thought you were the best of men.
Both—But true, we were not married then,
Were we, Mrs. Naggleton?
Mrs. N.—You're quite resolved my heart to break.
Mr. N.—I'd rather mend it for your sake.
Mrs. N.—At least you ought to give and take,
Always, Mr. Naggleton.
Mr. N.—Well, since you own you're in the wrong—
Mrs. N.—I'd rather die first—
Mr. N.— Come, that's strong.
Mrs. N.—I'll be divorced.
Mr. N.— Pray don't be long--
Do it, Mrs. Naggleton.
Mr. N.—Oh, charming Mrs., cheerful Mrs.,smiling Mrs. Naggleton.
Mrs. N.—Cruel Mr., spiteful Mr., horrid Mr. Naggleton.

EMILY AND JOHN.

Emily.—Good morning, John! You've got 'em on,
As vulgar people say;
You look so neat, from head to feet,
You take my breath away.
John.— Good evening, dear! I'm glad you're here,
I'm glad you like my clothes,
For indeed the expense is something immense;
Now, how much would you suppose?
Emily.—Well, say three-and-six for the coat, dear,
Say one-and-six for the vest,
Sixpence we'll say for the dickey
That sticks out at the breast;
Your hat is so nice and shiny,
It's cheap at a shilling or two,
And oh! they're such loves, those one-and-three gloves—
My dear, I look up to you.
John.— Oh, Emily! insulting me,
As you have done before.
I tell you, miss, I won't stand this;
I'll suffer it no more.
Emily.—Won't you, indeed! Well, there's no need;
I don't care what you do.
But when you've gone, don't fancy, John,
That I shall grieve for you.
John.— You send me quite mad with wrangling,
Your love cannot be sincere;
You send me away now every day
With some reproachful sneer.
...ink of you late and early,
And though you alone I adore,
If you give me the sack I'll never come back—
I'll never come back any more.
Emily.—The girl in pink, the girl in pink,
Steals all your love away.
The girl in pink bewitches you,
I don't care what you say.
John.— It's very odd, I merely nod.
Emily.— Oh, no! you dont—you wink.
John.— Who says I wink? *Emily.*—I say you wink
At that young jade in pink.
John.— Your temper's very quick, my dear,
I'm sure you must allow,
And lately you've been treating
I may say anyhow. [me
Emily.—What do you mean by anyhow?
Explain, sir, if you please.
I'm not accustomed, sir, to hear
From you such words as these.
John.— Well, well, my dear, perhaps you're not,
But don't snap off my nose.
My explanation is, my dear,
You've half-a-dozen beaux.
Emily.—I've half-a-dozen beaux, you brute!
What do you mean, sir? Speak!
John.— Well, half-a-dozen's six, my dear,
One each day in the week.
On Monday you meet Charlie Steele.
On Tuesday Charlie Price,
On Wednesday it is William Peele,
On Thursday Reuben Rice,
On Friday Henry Jenkinson,
On Saturday Tom Ball,
On Sunday night I come to tea
And you discard them all.
Emily.—Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'll go mad
When I get home I'll tell mamma.
Oh, dear! oh, dear! you *are* bad.
Oh! what a wicked young man you are.
Oh! what a fool I must have been to list to you.
John.— You took me for a noodle, but it will not do.
Emily.—You great thickhead, you are no good.
John.— Though I'm not a chump of wood.
Oh! you false deceitful little party.
Oh! we are a merry family for you to spoon upon.
There's William, Walter, Henry, two Charlies, Tom, and John,
On working days you meet at six, but Sunday's saved for me;
And all the neighbours say we are a merry family.
Emily.—How can you say such dreadful things?
Such falsehood its own author stings;
You'll find that punishment it brings
To you, sir, not to me.
John.— Oh! never fear, I shall survive,
And in another land contrive
To find a girl that I can wive,
Instead of Emily.
Good-bye, Emily dear!
Tra, la la la!
Emily.—I'll tell my mamma.
John.— Good-bye, Emily dear, I'm going across the sea;
I'm going away, I'm happy to say,
And won't return again.
Emily.—Stay with me, Johnnie, stay with me, dear,
Stay with me, Johnnie, for my love's sincere;
My poor heart will break if my Jack is away.
Stay with me, Johnnie, stay with me, stay.
John.— Don't cry, my dear, but dry your eyes,
I know you love but one.
My darling, I apologise,
I only spoke in fun.
Emily.—My dear, the fault is all with me,
And I see my mistake;
Now I have felt the misery
That unkind words can make.
John.— Will you be my little wife?
Emily.—Will you be my hubby?
John.— Will you be my popsy wopsy?
Emily.—That's what I propose.
John.— Will you be my only pet?
Emily.—Yes, and we'll be happy yet.
John.— If you let me kiss the two lips just beneath your nose.
And now, little darling, our quarrel is o'er,
Life's sunshine and shadow we'll share,
We'll meet, and we'll promise to wrangle no more.
Emily.— Listen, and I'll tell you where—
In that village church, where the ivy leaves cling,
Where often we've knelt side by side—
John.—Oh! there once again shall the merry bells ring,
When you are my beautiful bride.
Both.— Just down the lane, over the stile,
Just by the old oak tree.
You shall be mine, I will be thine,
Never to part, love, from thee.

DOMESTIC SQUABBLES.

Harry—I tell you its too bad; I tell you its a shame;
For I have been nearly mad since first your mother came.
She came here on a visit, she said she'd stay a week,
And she's been here a year or more—I never knew such cheek.
There's going to be a bother, there's going to be a rumpus.
Harry—Oh! Harry! Oh! what are you about?
Carry—So now I give you warning, she goes to-morrow morning.
Carry—Harry! *Harry*—Carry, I'll turn your mother out.
Carry—And so, at last to this it's come, and I must plainly speak:
No longer I'll be tamely dumb, no longer I'll be meek;
You have no right to interfere in this unseemly way,
And if you try to domineer, you'll find I won't obey.
Harry—Some wives do. *Carry*—And some wives don't.
Harry—Some wives will. *Carry*—But this wife won't.
Carry—It seems very hard. *Harry*—I don't think it should.
Carry—I'll go and tell my mother. *Harry*—I only wish you would.
Harry—Take this message to your mother; tell her she's a plague to me
Carry—And excuse me, you're another, and you'd better let her be;
If you get me in a passion, then your conduct you will rue.
Harry—Since divorces are the fashion, perhaps you'd like to leave me, too.
Take this message to your mother: tell her that I hope she'll be
Far away somewhere or other, far across the deep blue sea.
Carry—I say it is disgraceful, sir, the way you're going on;
You know you make mamma a butt to play your jokes upon

At six o'clock, when she gets up to get your breakfast, sir,
This is the way, you surly brute, you stand, and talk to her—
"Now Maria, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff."

Harry—That's because I know she's such a muff, muff, muff.
Carry—I thought you were a gentleman, but find you are a rough,
And of this conduct I have had enough, nough, nough.
Harry—Your tongue is most unruly, dear; you really must reflect.
Carry—'Twas you commenced this row, my dear, you'll please to recollect.
Harry—Then good-bye, Carry, I will leave you.
Carry—Why did I marry and believe you?
Harry—Your sweet mamma may stay, but I will go away;
So think of me when sitting down to tea, love.
Carry—Oh, I used to think in the days when we were young,
When boy and girl we played,
That you'd be ever true, for dearly I loved you,
You made me such a happy little maid.
When mother had the kettle on the boil
And made you stay and take a cup of tea,
You promised then how gladly you would toil
If you could only pass your days with me.
I love to think of the days when we were young,
When round your neck I clung.
Harry—Yes, we were happy then.
Carry—We may be so again. Oh! Harry, think of the days when we were young.
Harry—Well, well, my dear, I'm cooler now; but your mamma's a bore;
You know we had a dreadful row about her once before.
Carry—Oh! yes, she wanted you to play at cribbage or at whist.
Harry—Oh! dear, no! it was dominoes on which she would insist.
I think dominoes the greatest bore in life;
To sit and play at counters with the mother of my wife.
There are some stupid games, and every one she knows;
But still the very stupidest I think dominoes.
Carry—Well, Harry, if you'll let her stay another week or two,
I'll tell her she must go away, or else agree with you.
Harry—All right, my dear; and never fear, if while with us she dwells
She won't cross me, then we shall be as gay as wedding bells.
Carry & Harry—The bells that rang merrily, ding, ding, dong;
How happy I was when I heard the sweet song;
I fancy they said we shall never get wrong,
But both be happy at home.
Harry—And now I am as happy as when we first were wed.
Carry—And when you said you'd leave me you didn't mean what you said.
Harry—When I am angry, darling, I don't know what I say.
Carry—And I'm certain if you left me you could not stay away,
You couldn't! *Harry*—I wouldn't!
Carry—You could not stay away from me,
You couldn't! *Harry*—I wouldn't!
Carry—You could not stay away. *Harry*—I would not stay away.

MR. AND MRS. SHARPE.

Mr. S.—My wife and I have little tiffs, we never can agree,
For tied up to her apron strings she thinks I ought to be.
But then I've such a treasure as before I never saw,
A dear old ducky darling of a wealthy ma-in-law.
She went away three weeks ago, and made me promise then
That while she was away I'd be the steadiest of men;
But oh! I've stopp'd out at the club till two and three and four;
I've spent the cash she lent me, and I want to borrow more.
She's coming home to-morrow, what on earth am I to do?
For my wife will tell her mother I've been always out till two.
Ten pounds I want to borrow,—she'll never lend it me;
She's coming home to-morrow, and she'll make it warm for me.
Mrs. S.—With grief I'll cry my eyes away.
Mr. S.—Now there'll be a pretty scene with my dear wife.
Mrs. S.—My husband gets worse every day.
Mr. S.—Oh, she's in a pretty temper 's my dear wife.
Mrs. S.—I'll tell my ma to-morrow night.
Mr. S.—Then I'm in a pretty fix, my dear wife.
Mrs. S.—The wretch is hateful to my sight.
Mr. S.—That's very pretty language, my dear wife—oh, dear.
Mrs. S.—I can't get away from him, for I'm his wife.
Mr. S.—Oh, my.
Mrs. S.—I can't get single at all.
Mr. S.—My dear, the fault is in your tongue.
Mrs. S.—Oh, yes; you're a pretty man to have a wife.
Mr. S.—You talk too much for one so young.
Mrs. S.—You'd better have a dumb girl to be your wife.
Mr. S.—And if you'd keep your temper, love.
Mrs. S.—You'd better have an angel to be your wife.
Mr. S.—You'd find me like a turtle dove.
Mrs. S.—Oh, you're more like an owl, sir, to your poor wife—oh, dear.
Mr. S.—I'm longing to return to a single life—oh, my—
But can't get single at all.
Mrs. S.—If you wish to be single, sir, you very quickly can.
Mr. S.—Upon my word, I'd give the world to be a single man.
Mrs. S.—I'll sue you, and I'll get divorced, sir, for your cruelty.
Mr. S.—And if you win the day, 'twill be a blessed day for me.
Mrs. S.—You said you'd love and cherish me, sir, if you recollect.
Mr. S.—And you said words, I fancy, ma'am, much to the same effect.
Mrs. S.—It only shows to me that all your sense of honour's gone.
Mr. S.—And your sweet face shows me, my dear, you've got your tantrums on.
You've got 'em on; surely you will go demented.
Mrs. S.—You go along; would to wed I'd ne'er consented.
Mr. S.—You've got 'em on! You'll go mad if not prevented.
Mrs. S.—I declare.
Mr. S.—I don't care, tho' you've got 'em on.
Mrs. S.—Oh, very well, Mr. Sharp, I'll tell my ma;
She little thought when she went out you'd go so far.
Mr. S.—I'm sure your mother doesn't know the dreadful scold you are.
Mrs. S.—Mister Sharp.
Mr. S.—Mrs. Sharp.
Both.—Yah! Yah! Yah!
Mrs. S.—Before I married you I thought your life had been so pure.
Mr. S.—And you had more than one sweetheart, tho' you played Miss Demure.
Mrs. S.—I'm told you jilted twenty girls; I know you jilted two.
Mr. S.—I only wish to goodness, ma'am, I'd also jilted you.
Mrs. S.—And so do I, and then I should have married Richard Such.
Mr. S.—Oh no, my dear, you quite forget he didn't like you much.
Mrs. S.—Well, now I have a husband who has neither sense nor wit.
Mr. S.—But still the best chance that you had, my dear, you must admit.
For Clara fancied a soldier.
Mrs. S.—Clara married a snob.
Charlie fancied a carroty girl, who ran away with Bob.
Charlie fancied the barmaid, whose father was a sweep.
Mr. S.—And Clara fancied the swell who got his clothes upon the cheap.
Mrs. S.—To end this strife, sir, I propose that we be separated;
Divide the house between us, sir; will you to that agree?
Mr. S.—At that arrangement, sweetest one, oh, I should be elated;
Divide it your own way, my dear, and don't consider me.
Mrs. S.—Well, you shall have the kitchens, then, they're good enough for you, sir
Mr. S.—All right, my dear, I don't care where, if far enough from you.
Mrs. S.—I say you've spent my money; and you know it's very true, sir.
Mr. S.—And I say you're a vixen; which is also very true.
Mrs. S.—Mother sent a telegram.
Mr. S.—Oh! I know; now's your time to tell a cram, slander me.
Mrs. S.—Mother sent a telegram all the way from Fromé.
Mr. S.—And we'll divide the furniture now mother's coming home;
Hurry up, tumble up, move the chairs and tables.
Let me have a latch key, then freely I can roam;
I can sleep in kitchens, ma'am, in sculleries, or stables.
Mrs. S.—And I'll live in the drawing room, now mamma's coming.
We'll be happy up above.
Mr. S.—Oh, I'll wake you up, my love;
I'm just the sort of chap that never cares;
You may chatter like a parrot, from the parlour to the garret.
But I'll make a jolly row downstairs.
Mrs. S.—There's an empty cradle still beneath the stairs,
Once it held our little darling's bed;
Do you not remember, when he nestled there
Not an angry word was ever said?
Mr. S.—I remember, dearest, and that memory,
While it brings sad thoughts to ponder on,
Tells me that your sorrow should be shared by me,
Now that from the cradle baby's gone.
Both.—Baby's left the cradle; we shall never more
See that little face so pale and wan;
'Tis a sad remembrance, oft we ponder on—
Empty is the cradle—baby's gone.
Mr. S.—Oh, we might live as peacably as buttercups and daisies.
Mrs. S.—You've but to say the word, my dear, and I'll obey.
Mr. S.—And I will so reform, my dear, that you shall sing my praises.
Mrs. S.—Oh, let's begin this better life, my dear, to-day.
Mr. S.—Don't you remember when first we met, over the garden wall?
Mrs. S.—I'll never forget that time, my pet, over the garden wall.
Mr. S.—I twined a sweet rose in your beautiful hair.
Mrs. S.—And there was dear father beginning to swear.
Mr. S.—And I kiss'd you again, and didn't he stare?
Both.—Over the garden wall, the sweetest girl of all,
There's no regret between us yet;
And you can bet we'll ne'er forget
The night our lips in kisses met
Over the garden wall.

JAMES UPTON, PRINTER, CAMBRIDGE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889: GOLD MEDAL awarded to the Firm.

Fry's Pure CONCENTRATED *Cocoa*

This choice Cocoa makes a delightful beverage for breakfast or supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

Lancet—"Pure and very soluble.

Medical Times—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

Sir C. A. Cameron, M.D.—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."
President of Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

W. H. R. Stanley, M.D.—"It is the drink *par excellence* for Children."

Half a tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a cup of most delicious Cocoa.

56 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO

J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY, N.S.W.

MAKERS TO THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES